

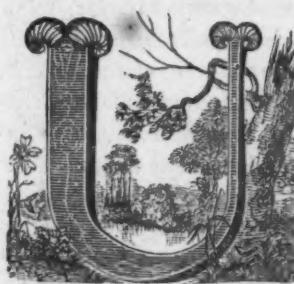
ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1845.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE FIELD AND BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

(See Plate.)



PWARDS of thirty years have passed, since the eventful day which witnessed the triumph of England, and the downfall of Europe's greatest general. Since then, how changed is the spot where this wholesale tragedy was enacted! Waving crops yearly cover the wide plain which once shook beneath the rush of conflicting armies. Its brooks, once red and swollen with blood, now flow calmly and clearly in their pebbly beds. The roar of artillery no longer rouses the sleeping echo, from its scarcely undulating surface; the song of the husbandman, and the carol of birds from leafy bowers, are heard instead. A huge mound, raised for the interment of the dead, surmounted by a pedestal supporting the armorial "Lion" of England, a column, and an obelisk at some distance, which have also been reared in commemoration of the battle, and a few scattered, bleaching bones, occasionally turned up from beneath the sod, are all that remain, to mark the spot immortalized by an event which decided the political fate of all Europe. Such is Waterloo Battle-field at the present day.

We find a condensed account of this battle in

the "Encyclopædia Americana," which is so luminous and so exact, that we have determined to extract the principal portion of it, as answering our purpose much better than any thing we could say.

"Waterloo is a Belgic village, on the road from Charleroi to Brussels, about ten miles from the latter city, at the entrance of the forest of Soignies. A short distance from this village, occurred, June 18th, 1815, the memorable battle to which Wellington gave the name of his headquarters, *Waterloo*; Blücher, that of the turning point of the contest, *Belle Alliance*; and the French, that of the chief point of their attack, *St. Jean*. After the engagement of Quatre Bras, and in consequence of the battle of Ligny, Wellington had retired to the forest of Soignies, and, June 17th, occupied an advantageous position on the heights extending from the little town of Braine la Leud, to Ohain. Blücher having promised to assist him with all his army, he here resolved to risk a battle.

"The British army was divided into two lines. The right of the first line consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first corps of Belgians, under Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the prince of Orange, with the Brunswickers and troops of Massan, having the guards,

under general Cooke, on the right, and the division of general Alten on the left. The left wing consisted of the divisions of Picton, Lambert and Kempt. The second line was, in most instances, formed of the troops deemed least worthy of confidence, or which had suffered too severely in the action of the seventeenth to be again exposed, until necessary. It was placed behind the declivity of the heights to the rear, in order to be sheltered from the cannonade, but sustained much loss from shells during the action. The cavalry were stationed in the rear, and distributed all along the line, but chiefly posted on the left of the centre to the east of the Charleroi causeway. The farm house of La Haye Sainte, in the front of the centre was garrisoned; but there was not time to prepare it effectually for defence. The villa, gardens, and farm-yard of Hongomont, formed a strong advanced post towards the centre of the right. The whole British position formed a sort of curve, the centre of which was nearest to the enemy, and the extremities, particularly the right, drawn considerably backward.

" Napoleon had bivouacked, a cannon-shot from the British camp, on the eminence of Belle Alliance. His army consisted of three corps of infantry, two of cavalry and all the guards. It might contain about ninety thousand soldiers.* On the other hand, the combined English and Dutch forces, (Prince Frederick of the Netherlands, having remained at Hall with 19,000 men) amounted to about sixty thousand men. According to Gourgaud's account, Napoleon's design was to break the centre of the English, and cut off their retreat, but in all events to separate them from the Prussians.

" The battle began about noon June 18th, by an attack of the second French battalion, on the advanced post of Hongomont. The wood defended by the troops of Massan was taken by the French but the house, garden, and farm offices were maintained by the English guards.

" About two o'clock, four columns of French infantry advanced from Belle Alliance, against the British centre. The cavalry supported them, but were repulsed by the British cavalry, while the infantry, who had forced their way to the centre of the British position were attacked by a brigade brought up from the second line by general Picton, while, at the same time, a brigade of heavy English cavalry charged them in flank. The French columns were broken with great

* According to Gourgaud, Napoleon's army amounted to not more than sixty-seven thousand men and two hundred and forty pieces of Artillery. Marshall Grouchy marched on the 17th upon Wavre, with 35,230 men and 110 pieces of artillery.

slaughter, and more than two thousand men made prisoners. About this period, the French made themselves masters of the farm of La Haye Sainte, and retained it for some time, but were at last driven out by shells. Shortly after, a general attack of the French was made on the squares, chiefly towards the centre of the British. In spite of the continued fire of thirty pieces of artillery, they compelled the artillery men to retire within the squares. The cuirassiers continued their onset, and rode up to their squares, in the confidence of sweeping them away before their charge; but they were driven back by the dreadful fire of the British infantry. Enraged at the small success of his exertions, Napoleon now threw his cuirassiers on the English line between two *chaussees*. They broke through between the squares, but were attacked and defeated by the English and Dutch Cavalry.

" During the battle, several French batteries were stationed only a few hundred paces in front of the English, and the victory began to incline to the side of the French. At this juncture the van of the fourth Prussian battalion, (which the French thought at first to be the corps of Grouchy) under the command of general Bülow, showed itself in front of the forest of Fricemont, on the right flank and rear of the enemy. The battalion had left Wavre the same morning, and animated by the presence of prince Blücher, had overcome all the obstacles of the march. The sixth French corps, hitherto stationed at the reserve of the right wing, was immediately opposed to the Prussians, and a bloody fight ensued. It was six o'clock when this took place.

" Napoleon, meanwhile, when he perceived the attack of the Prussians, instead of diminishing his attacks on the British line, resolved to assail it with all his forces. The second French corps, all the cavalry, and all the guards, therefore put themselves in motion. Wellington quietly awaited their approach, and as soon as the dense columns had arrived within a short distance, he opened so murderous a fire upon them, that they stopped, and were compelled to fire in return. The right wing of the French had also advanced at the same time with the centre, had driven the Massan soldiers from Papelotte, and attacked the Prussians in Fricemont. This movement destroyed for a moment the connexion of the Prussians with the English left wing, and made the situation of affairs at this juncture, critical.

" The sudden appearance of the first brigade of the first Prussian battalion, under general Ziethen, decided the battle. Their arrival had been delayed by a necessary change in their march, and by the badness of the roads. These brave soldiers immediately separated the sixth French

corps from the rest of the army, and by means of twenty-four cannon brought to bear on the rear of the enemy, put them to flight. At the same moment, the English cavalry had overthrown and dispersed, after a brave resistance, the infantry stationed at La Haye. These troops became mingled at Belle Alliance with those who were pursued by the first Prussian corps; and thus their defeat became complete. The English and Prussians followed hotly and kept up a continued fire.

"The disorder of the French now exceeded all that had hitherto been witnessed. Obedience and order had ceased; infantry and cavalry, generals and servants, soldiers and officers, were mingled in wild confusion; every one consulted only his own preservation. All the artillery and baggage were abandoned. The disorder finally increased to an incredible degree, when Plachenot was taken by the combined exertion of Hiller's brigade and a part of the second battalion. At Belle Alliance, the victorious generals met. Prince Blücher now ordered a pursuit on the part of the Prussians, with all the disposable troops, under general count Gneisenan's personal direction.

"In Jemappes, which was taken by a sudden attack, the travelling carriage of Napoleon, with his jewels, his plate and other valuables, as well as many military chests, and the rest of the baggage of the French army fell into the hands of the conquerors. Upwards of two thousand cannon, two eagles, and six thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this victory. The whole French army was dispersed and disabled. The loss in killed and wounded amounted to 35,000. Napoleon hastened to Paris. Grouchy, however, returned through Namur, (which the allies had not occupied, and where the Prussians attacked him with a loss of sixteen hundred men) to Laon, by the road through Bethel.

"General Gourgaud, in his *Campagne de 1815* attributes the loss of the battle to the faults committed by marshall Ney; but the ex-prefect Gamut has justified the marshall, by printing the original orders, which did not allow Ney to act otherwise. It is nevertheless true, that Ney caused the cavalry to advance too far. Marchand has also refuted Gourgaud's account.

"Napoleon himself gives two reasons for the loss of the battle: 1. The non-arrival of Grouchy (but Grouchy did not receive till seven o'clock on the evening of the eighteenth, the command, given by Napoleon in the forenoon, to join the right wing of the French); 2. the attack of the mounted grenadiers and the reserved cavalry, without his command and knowledge. Napoleon, as he says himself, was in great personal danger, when the English, towards the end of the battle,

became the assailants, a portion of their cavalry and sharp-shooters came near the place where Napoleon was. He placed himself at the head of a battalion, and resolved to attack and die; but Soult seized his horse's reins, and exclaimed, 'They will take you prisoner, sire, and not kill you.' He, with generals Dronot, Bertrand and Gourgaud succeeded in removing the emperor from the field of battle. Napoleon, however, repeatedly exclaimed, both before and after his arrival at St. Helena, '*J'aurais dû mourir à Waterloo!*'"

The Duke of Wellington is said to have been at a ball in Brussels, given by the Duke of Richmond, when the advance of Napoleon was first made known. This circumstance, and others, preceding and during the great battle of Waterloo, has been the occasion of one of the most sublime and graphic passages in "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." This passage cannot be read too often, and our readers will pardon our quoting it.

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell
Soft eyes looked love to eyes, which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes, like a
rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car, rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure
meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once
more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening
roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking
sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet, such awful morn
could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward, with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips—"The foe ! They
come ! they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering"
rose !
The war note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that Pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold
and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,—
Last eve in beauty's circle, proudly gay,—
The midnight, brought the signal-sound of
strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day—
Battle's magnificently-stern array !
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when
rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
blent !"

For Arthur's Magazine.

"WOULD I WERE A POET."

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.



MAKE not such wish—
'tis vain as the
ideal,
Which the heart
worships in its
lonely hour ;
A shadow, melting
into nothing real,
When sober thought
again asserts her
power.

Make not such wish—thou little know'st the swellings,
Found in the ocean of a poet's life,
Around those pure and delicate indwellings,
That gleam like jewell'd caverns through the strife.

The struggling of strong thought,—the waste of feel-
ing,—
The burning heart, consuming all its own,
And like a stern and wayward spirit, sealing
Its own strange destiny, thou hast not known.
The many waves that cluster'd, spent and wasted,
To be pour'd back into the troubled main ;
The cup of sweet affection only tasted,
Ne'er to be pressed between the lips again.

Too much—too dearly loved,—the heart is pouring
Before that shrine, its ev'ry life-throb out,
And from the classic page of mind is storing
Its own with things of beauty or of doubt.
Bright thoughts that float a moment on life's ocean,—
Perchance the eyes that gaze on them are blind,—
Then downward fall with an unconscious motion
Back to the past,—that maelstrom of the mind.

Bright thoughts like glitt'ring phantoms, sometimes
cheer us,

And make our world a paradise of love,
Yet sad presentiments are ever near us,
Haunting our footsteps wheresoe'er they move,
That we but toil in vain—that we are burning
Our last lamp out, ne'er to be lit again,
Over an idle page of worthless learning,
Which we, alas ! may comprehend in vain.

Tow'rs a far port our bark of life is steering,
Worn in the conflict with each petty wave,
Upheld alone by the vain hope of hearing
A voice of praise when anchor'd in—the
grave.
Vain compensation for a spirit broken,
In a too aimless and uncertain flight,—
A worn out life,—the sure and early token
Of many a weary day and sleepless night.

Too early loved—well may the spirit falter,
When ploughing through the cheerless sea of
doubt,
When thus before the sacrificial altar,
Morn, noon and night, it pours its life-tides out.
Yet not reluctantly, if but relying
Upon the value of the gift it brings,
Its last hopes are, like the sweet swans when dy-
ing,
To make its sweetest song, the last it sings.

Like one high mounted on the funeral pyre,
Bound to the body of the senseless dead ;
While far around him rises flames of fire,
And words of dark significance are said.
So stands the poet in his hour of trial,
With none to help him from the funeral pile ;
Well knowing that entreaty were denial,
He meets death coldly with a bitter smile.



For Arthur's Magazine.

THE RUINS OF NETLEY ABBEY.

"Fallen pile ! I ask not what has been thy fate ;
But when the weak winds, wasted from the main,
Through each lone arch, like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once might proudly, in their prime
Have stood with giant port, 'till, bowed by time,
Or injury, their ancient boast forgot
They might have sunk like thee ; though thus forlorn,
They lift their heads, with venerable hairs
Besprent, majestic yet, and as in scorn
Of mortal vanities and short lived cares ;
E'en so dost thou, lifting thy forehead grey,
Smile at the tempest, and time's sweeping sway.

Apostrophe to Netley Abbey.—BOWLES.



VERY thing about this venerable ruin—the loveliness of the landscape,—the quiet seclusion of the spot,—the mournful desolation of years,—fragments of sculpture,—broken crosses, and mutilated columns overgrown with envious ivy ; the solitude of the artificial lakes, overshadowed by deep forests ;—all these influences acting upon the mind of the traveller, are calculated to arouse the imagination, and call up, like phantoms, the scenes, the events, and the personages, of former days. No mind possessed of feeling for the picturesque or poetical, can resist the effect produced by wandering amid these ruins, which seem

consecrated by the remembrance of the time when they stood proudly defying the storm.

But reality claims our attention to the exclusion of poetic reverie, and we must therefore briefly execute our task.

Netley Abbey, (or, according to Leland's *Collectanea*, Lettely Abbey, from the Latin, *de Latto Loco*, pleasant place,) has long been celebrated as one of the most picturesque ruins in the Old World. It was founded about the year 1239 by Peter Roche, Bishop of Winchester. Its first charter was granted in the year 1207 by Henry III. in which charter the abbey is called *Ecclesia Sancta Maria de loco Sancti Edwardi*, which gave rise to the English name of Edwards-tow. But little is known of the establishment for the first three hundred years after its foundation. The Monks belonged to the severe order of the

Cisterians. The wealth of the establishment seems not to have been great; for, at the time of Pope Nicholas IV. its income was merely nominal. It is even said that they were destitute of a library, and that, about the commencement of the sixteenth century they were possessed of but one book, which was a copy of Cicero's Treatise on Rhetoric. In the year 1537 the place was transferred to Sir William Paulet, by a grant from the King. It afterwards passed through the hands of several of the nobility, some of whom made it a place of residence. About the end of the century it became the property of the Earl of Huntingdon, who commenced the desecration of the old building, by converting the nave of the church into a kitchen and offices.

"There is also a strange story in which he is implicated," says the narrator. "The earl, about the year 1700, or soon after, made a contract with a Mr. Walter Taylor, a builder of Southampton, for the complete demolition of the abbey,—it being intended by Taylor, to employ the materials in erecting a town-house, and other buildings, at New Port. After making this agreement, however, Taylor dreamed, that as he was pulling down a particular window, one of the stones forming the arch, fell upon him and killed him. His dream impressed him so forcibly, that he mentioned the circumstance to a friend (who is said to have been the father of the well known Doctor Isaac Watts), and in some perplexity asked his advice. His friend thought it would be his safest course to have nothing to do with the affair, respecting which he had been so alarmingly forewarned, and endeavored to persuade him to desist from his intention. Taylor however

at last decided upon paying no attention to his dream; and accordingly began his operations for pulling down the building; he had not proceeded far, when, as he was proceeding in the work, the arch of one of the windows, but not the one he had dreamed of, which is the east window, still standing, fell upon his head and fractured his scull. It was thought at first that the wound would not prove mortal; but it was aggravated through the unskilfulness of the surgeon, and the man died." The accident which befell Taylor being popularly attributed to the special interposition of Heaven, saved the abbey from demolition. But the place soon after passed out of the possession of the Earl of Huntingdon, and has since been successively in that of various other families. It was lately the property of Lady Holland, widow of Sir Nathaniel Holland, Bart."

But little of Netley Abbey now remains, except the bare walls. It stands on a gentle elevation which rises from Southampton Water.

The walk from the village of Southampton, is said to be one of enchanting beauty. The abbey itself is embosomed in a clump of oaks and other trees, some of which springing from the midst of its "roofless walls" wave their branches over them.

The buildings seem to have formed, originally, a quadrangular square, which was of considerable extent, being 200 feet in length, by 60 transept of 120 feet long.

Of these, however, little but their traces remain. Thus are disappearing the monuments of ancient times.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS.

BY D. C. COLESWORTHY.

WHENE'ER we see a happy face,
How little do we know
Within the heart how large a space
Is filled with pain and wo.

Perhaps a pleasant smile conceals
A pang which none discerns;
And while the brow a joy reveals
The fire of anguish burns.

Oh, could we read the inmost heart—
Its sorrow and its grief—
Back from the smiling face we'd start,
And seek to give relief.

Pity instead of hate would move,
And love inspire the breast;
A thousand times we should approve
When censure is expressed.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XI.

THIS was impossible for Anna Gray to realize, until after the burial of her mother, the true nature of the loss she had sustained. Death, when at last it came, benumbed for a time her feelings. The shock was so severe, that its effect was paralyzing. But, after the body had been carried to the grave, and the few sympathizing neighbors who attended the funeral had departed, Anna felt a most distressing sense of loneliness and bereavement. This continued for several days. Then, thoughts of what she should do, and where she should go, began to possess her mind, and raise it above a state of brooding melancholy.

The promise she had made to her mother a short time before her death, filial love and duty required her to perform, although her own feelings were altogether opposed. She did not wish to know the relatives who had treated her mother with cruel neglect; who had, in fact, cast her off; much less seek them out and apply to them for support and protection. But, her word had been given to a dying parent, and that word she dared not violate.

With a most unconquerable reluctance, she set about making preparations for a journey to Philadelphia. Not a single person, among the few people with whom she was acquainted, knew any one in Philadelphia, or could give her any information as to where she should go, or how she should act on her arrival in that city. The amount of money that she received from the sale of a few articles of furniture, was barely sufficient, after paying two months' rent, and buying herself some necessary articles of clothing, to meet the cost of her passage up the river and across the mountains.

"Suppose I cannot find them? What shall I

do in a strange place?" She asked herself on the evening before she started, and shuddered at the question. But she could only go forward and trust that all would come out right in the end.

A man who lived near neighbor, and who had been well acquainted with her father, went with her to the steamboat when she started, and put her under the captain's care, who promised to see her safely in the stage for Philadelphia, immediately on the arrival of the boat at Pittsburg.

No incident worth noting occurred on the passage up the river. At Pittsburg, she was placed by the captain, according to promise, in the eastern stage. After her passage was paid, she had only about three dollars left. She was the only female passenger among nine persons. Her heart trembled when she found herself thus situated; but for this there was no cause. She was treated with the kindest attentions during the whole journey of three days.

It was mid-day when they arrived in the city.

"Shall I get a carriage for you?" asked one of her fellow passengers.

Anna started from the deep reverie into which she had fallen, and replied,

"No, sir, I thank you," almost involuntarily.

The man paused a moment, and then left her to look after his own baggage. She was now alone in a strange city.

"A carriage, ma'am?" "Any baggage, ma'am?" asked three or four porters and carriage drivers, passing up to the bewildered girl, as she descended to the street. She had a trunk, and she knew that she would have to employ a porter to carry it for her; so she engaged one, who took charge of her baggage.

"Where do you wish it taken, ma'am?"

This question awoke Anna to a full realization of her situation. "Where?" Alas! She was homeless. And worse, had not so much as a dollar in her purse. The small sum that remained

on leaving Pittsburgh, had been nearly all expended for her meals on the road.

"Do you wish your trunk taken to a hotel or private house?"

The porter asked this question with evidences of impatience, as he had waited for over a minute for an answer to the previous one.

"To a hotel," Anna said, faintly.

"Which one, ma'am?"

"Do you know where a Mr. Grant lives?"

"No ma'am," returned the porter.

"Or a Mr. Markland?"

"Does he keep a hotel?"

"I do n't know?"

"I never heard the name. But where shall I take your baggage?"

Anna's thoughts had been so much in confusion ever since her departure from Cincinnati, that she had not been able to determine what course to take on her arrival in Philadelphia. She was, therefore, utterly at a loss how to answer the porter's question.

"Can't my trunk stay here for a little while?" she at length asked.

"O yes, ma'am. I can put it in the office for you, and you can get it at any time. My name is Bill. Ask for Bill, when you come for it; or, if I am not here, leave word where it is to go."

The trunk was, accordingly, deposited in the rail road office, and Anna started to go—she knew not where!

The sky had been overcast since morning. No rain had yet fallen, but the wind was from the east, and the air damp and cold. It was late in November.

Anna went forth from the car office, and took her way down Market street. She had yet settled upon no course of action. She walked along, because to stand still, while striving to think, would attract the attention she wished, as a timid girl, in a strange city, to avoid. On, on she went, square after square, until a sight of the river caused her to pause for a full minute in sad irresolution.

"Where shall I go? What must I do?" she sighed as she crossed over at Second street, and took a northerly course, which she pursued as far as Arch street, up which she directed her steps. After passing Fifth street, the appearance of the houses made her think that, possibly, her aunt might reside in one of them, if still living. With this feeble hope in her mind, she examined every door plate, as she moved along, but the name of "Grant" no where met her anxious eye.

At Thirteenth street she stood still, irresolute, for some time.

"Perhaps I may find the house on the other

side," she said, and crossed over and went down as far as Seventh street. But the search was vain. On the corner of Seventh and Arch she again paused, looking up and then down the first named street. As she thus stood, a young man, dashing attired, approached with his gaze fixed intently upon her. She did not notice him until he was within a few paces, and then, as her eyes fell on his face and she perceived its expression, she shuddered and sprung across the street in a southward direction. The young man quickened his pace. She heard his footsteps behind her, and her heart beat rapidly. She kept in advance of him until she had nearly reached Market street. But he was now close by her side. Her heart fluttered—the cold sweat came out over her whole body—her limbs could scarcely sustain her. Every moment she expected to feel the rude grasp of a man's hand. If sufficient power had remained, she would have darted forward and ran on at full speed; but she felt more like sinking to the pavement than running. At length she found it almost impossible to keep on; her pace slackened suddenly, and the man who had been following her, passed onwards. When a few paces beyond, he turned partly around, with a half curious, half impudent stare; but one glance at Anna's countenance satisfied him that he had mistaken her character. In a minute or two he was out of sight, and Anna moving on with scarcely power to walk. She had been dreadfully frightened.

Since morning, nothing had been eaten by the unhappy girl. Want of food, anxiety, and sudden alarm caused her to feel very faint. For a few minutes it seemed that she would sink to the pavement. But she kept on as far as Chestnut street up which she turned, and walked nearly as far as Broad street, examining the door plates as she had done in Arch street, and to as little purpose.

As she returned, on the other side of the street, she saw cakes in a confectioner's window. Faint and weary, she entered the shop and asked for a cup of tea, which was served up with a slice of toast, in a back room. A girl of twelve or thirteen brought these to her on a waiter. Anna looked into her face, and saw that its expression was innocent and kind.

"Do you know a family by the name of Grant?" she asked of this girl.

"Grant?—Grant? No miss, I do n't know any body by that name."

Anna commenced sipping her tea and the girl retired. A few mouthfuls were eaten, and then the young wanderer leaned her head upon her hand, with her eyes cast to the floor, and fell into a deep state of abstraction. From this she

was aroused by the voice of the attendant, who had returned.

"I believe there is a family named Grant," she said, "around in Walnut street."

"There is!" Anna arose as she spoke, her face flushed for a moment, and then became pale.

"Yes. They live in one of those large new houses below — street. I remember the name on the door."

"Where is Walnut street?"

"It is the next street below."

"And — street?"

"Just two streets above."

"Do you know any thing about the family?"

The girl shook her head, and then remarked, "They are very rich, no doubt."

Anna said nothing further. The girl retired, and she sat down to collect her scattered thoughts.

"They are very rich, no doubt." "A large new house." These words kept ringing in her ears, and caused her to cast her eyes down upon her own poor apparel.

"Suppose it is my mother's sister?—how will she receive me?" This question, never asked so seriously before, caused her heart to sink. It was full half an hour before she could summon resolution sufficient to go forth in search of the dwelling that contained, or might contain the relative she sought.

It was after four o'clock when she left the shop where she had taken some refreshment. The air had become colder, and thick clouds covered the sky. The short afternoon had verged on close toward evening, the dusky coming of which was already perceived by Anna, over whose feelings a deeper shadow fell as her eye noted the rapid decline of day.

Following the direction given her, she turned off from Chestnut street, and passed down to Walnut street, up which she walked rapidly. In less than five minutes she was before an elegant dwelling, on the door plate of which she read the name MASON GRANT, with a thrill that passed through her whole frame. She did not ring the bell at once, but passed on to collect her thoughts and determine how she should address herself to her aunt. On, on she went, square after square, unable to settle any thing, in her mind.

"Oh, if I had not promised my mother, and there was any roof here to shelter me, no matter how humble it might be, and any means by which I could support myself, no matter how hard the labor, most gladly would I shrink away from these proud relatives!"

This was the final conclusion of her thoughts, as she stopped suddenly and wrung her hands, forgetting at the instant that she was in the

street, and her motions liable to attract attention.

Recovering herself, however, she lifted her eyes, and perceived that the shadows of approaching evening were growing more and more distinct. A shudder passed over her. Quickly turning, she retraced her steps, and, without allowing her imagination to dwell upon the shock of a first interview with her aunt, a thing from which she shrunk with an unconquerable reluctance, she kept steadily on until she again stood in front of the house of Mason Grant. But she could not ascend the steps that led to the door of this elegant mansion. Her thoughts again became confused, and again she passed the house, and walked on for nearly two squares. She then paused, stood thoughtful for two or three minutes, and finally turned and went slowly back. Again she was before the dwelling of her aunt, and again she stopped irresolute. At length she ascended the steps, and timidly rung the bell—or rather made an effort to do so; but she had exerted too little strength, the bell did not really answer to her hand. For nearly five minutes she stood as if fixed to the spot, but no one came to the door. She did not attempt to ring again. Her heart had failed her. Slowly she at length descended the steps, and moved down the street, turning every few paces to see if the door should open.

It was nearly dark, already the watchmen had lit their lamps, and the street was filled with persons wending their way homeward after having finished the labors of the day. Anna had walked on for a short distance, when she perceived that night was fast closing in. She stopped quickly, while a tremor ran through her frame.

"I must do it. There's no hope for me," she at length said, turning back and approaching the house she had more than once hesitated to enter. Without giving herself time to waver again in her resolution, Anna passed quickly up the steps and rung the bell with a strong hand. The door was soon opened.

"Can I see Mrs. Grant?" she asked, in a faltering voice.

"Come in, Miss, and I will see."

Anna entered.

"What name shall I say?"

Anna's cheek flushed. She hesitated a moment.

"Tell her a young girl wishes to speak to her."

The servant left her in the parlor, and went up stairs.

"A young woman is in the parlor and wishes to see you," he said, on opening the door of Mrs. Grant's room.

"Who is she?"

"She did n't give me her name."

"What does she want?"

"To see you, Ma'am."

"You should have asked her name, Jackson."

"I did, Ma'am."

"Humph! What kind of a looking person is she?"

"She looks like a poor young girl."

"Somebody after work, may-be. Tell her I will be down in a little while."

Anna sunk upon a chair, in the richly furnished parlor into which the servant had shown her, her heart fluttering wildly. It was several minutes before she saw objects distinctly. Every external sense was partially closed. Then her eyes wandered about the room, and she observed, with something of wonder, the elegance and splendor that surrounded her. From the costly furniture she raised her eyes to the walls that were decorated with pictures. The first that met her gaze was the portrait of a man who seemed to have just passed the prime of life. Every feature of the face was familiar to her as the features of a friend. Who could it be? Her mother's image arose in her mind. The question was answered. That must be her brother's likeness.

"This is indeed my aunt's house! How, how will she receive me?"

These words were scarcely murmured, when the door opened and a middle aged woman entered. Anna tried to rise, but she had not the strength to do so. Mrs. Grant, for she it was, advanced close to her, regarding her as she did so, with a cold look of inquiry. As Anna did not, because she could not speak, the lady said—

"You wish to see me, I believe?"

"Yes, Ma'am," was timidly replied.

"On what business, may I ask?"

The words were formal and cold as ice.

"You had a sister named Anna—"

"What!" And Mrs. Grant started as if a pistol had been exploded close to her ear, her face flushing, and then turning quite pale.

Anna arose, and looked steadily into her aunt's face (for her aunt it really was).

"You had a sister named Anna," she repeated.

"She removed to the west many years ago, and—"

"Who are you that speaks to me thus?" exclaimed Mrs. Grant, in an angry voice, suddenly arousing up, and casting on the frightened girl before her a stern look.

"The daughter of Anna Gray."

"Who?" was uttered with a quick, convulsive start.

"The daughter of Anna Gray," repeated the visiter.

"And who is Anna Gray?" this was said with a slight sneer,—affected, not felt.

"You had a sister named—"

"How do *you* know that I had. How do *you* know me?"

"Just before my mother died—"

"When did she die?" quickly added Mrs. Grant, thrown off her guard.

"Less than a month since—" Anna burst into tears as she tremblingly said this, but recovering herself as quickly as possible, she added,

"And on her death bed she made me promise that I would come to this city, seek you out, and throw myself upon your protection.

"The girl is surely beside herself! This is a pretty affair! What do I know about your mother?"

"Oh, was she not your sister?"

Anna leaned towards Mrs. Grant with an imploring look.

"My sister, indeed! I have no sister. You have been deceived, if you think *I* am *your* aunt. Go and seek for her somewhere else. You will not find her here. A fine affair, truly!"

Anna had already risen to her feet. These words caused her to stagger backwards a few paces, and lean against the wall. In a moment or two she recovered herself, and taking a long, confirming look at the portrait on the wall that so resembled her mother, she turned from the presence of the woman who had basely and cruelly disowned her mother, and left the house.

(To be continued.)

ON ENTERING A WOOD.

HERE let busy turmoil cease,
Every sound here echoes peace;
Whispering winds that murmur here,
Gently dry the falling tear,
Soothing while they wake the heart,
Bidding earth-born care depart.

Here the spirit walks abroad,
Here the soul communes with God.
Sacred silence of the wood!
Let no thoughts on thee intrude,
Save what may the notes prolong
Of all nature's Sabbath song

MRS. FOLLEN.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. III.

CASSANDRA.

(See Plate.)



HE daughter of Priam and Heenba, king and queen of Troy, and her unhappy fate, after the destruction of that city, has long afforded a theme upon which poets have poured forth their mingled eulogies and lamentations. According to ancient belief, she was playing in the vestibule of the temple of the Thymbræn Apollo, near Illium, with her twin-sister Helenus; where, having remained too late to be carried home, a couch was prepared for them, for the night. The historian adds, that "when the nurses went to them the next morning, they found two serpents at the side of the children, which, instead of injuring them, harmlessly licked their ears. This miracle produced a still greater one; the hearing of the children was rendered so acute, that they could distinguish the voices of the gods. Cassandra subsequently spent much of her time in the temple of Apollo, who, becoming enamored of her charms, disclosed to her all the secrets of the prophetic art, and in return, demanded her love. But Cassandra, when her curiosity was satisfied, refused the dishonorable reward. Apollo, incensed at this, put a curse on her prophecies, that they should never find belief. She frequently and continually foretold the destruction of Troy, and warned her countrymen in vain, against the deceitful horse.

"When Troy was conquered, and Cassandra, with the other maidens, fled to the temple of Minerva, Ajax tore her from the altar, and dragged her away to the other female slaves, with her hands tied. On the division of the booty, she fell to Agamemnon, who carried her, as his slave and mistress, to Mycene. Clytemnestra murdered them both." Her treatment by Ajax, was regarded by the ancients as a most infamous crime; and it is said that the Lochrians, the countrymen of Ajax, were for many years visited with violent storms, and that their country was also desolated by the plague, on this account.

The following passage from "Troilus and Cressida," in which her character is introduced, will show the estimation in which her prophecies were held by those whom they concerned. The engraving represents her, when under the influence of prophetic inspiration.

Cassandra. (within) Cry, Trojans, cry!

Priam. What noise, what shriek is this?

Troilus. 'T is our mad sister; I do know her voice.

Cassandra. (within) Cry, Trojans!

Hector. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, raving.

Cassandra. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hector. Peace, sister, peace.

Cassandra. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst, but cry,

Add to my clamors! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a wo:

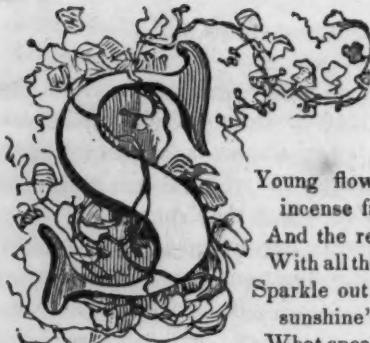
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. (*Exit.*)

Act II. Scene 2.

The after destruction of Troy shows that her prophecies, though unheeded, were true. Her fate, subsequent to that event, has already been given. The purity which invests her name and character, heightened as it is by her misfortunes, affords a striking contrast to the fickleness and frailty of Cressida, whom we conceive to be one of the foulest personages introduced into any of Shakespeare's plays.

"The authorship of 'Troilus and Cressida,' has been, with a few, a matter of uncertainty and doubt, but we think sufficient marks of the great poet's genius are discoverable, in many passages, to justify the belief, that, even if he did not originally compose the play, it at least passed through his hands, in the way of revision and improvement. However this may be, this production is certainly not one of those which have contributed most to build up the universal fame of the universal poet and favorite."

GOD IS LOVE.



TAND on the mountain side,
And look abroad o'er all the joyous earth ;

Young flowers are flinging incense far and wide,
And the rejoicing streams With all their happy gleams, Sparkle out gladness at the sunshine's birth :
What speaks of hatred here?

On the high mountain, in the leafy grove,
There is no sign of sorrow or of fear,
God speaks through Nature in the tones of love.

The air is breathing balm,
From earth's dim convex, to the circling skies,
It falsely seemeth but a voiceless calm ;
These kindly spirits bend,
And with earth's discords, blend
The music of celestial harmonies ;
Not in the warlike guise
Of earth's proud armies do the bright hosts move,

But gloriously humble, meekly wise,
God speaks through Angels in the tones of love.

On Zion's holy hill
"Fairest among ten thousand," who is he
That to the tempest speaketh, "Peace, be still?"
And to the ear of faith
In softest music saith,
"Come weary-hearted, come to peace and me,"
Come trusting fearlessly !
"Come—and an easy burden mine shall prove;"
Thus saith "the faithful witness" unto thee,
God speaks through Jesus in the tones of love.

Physician of our souls !
Thy love is ruling over all our days,
Whether the loud-voiced thunder sternly rolls,
Or the low-breeze's sigh
Tells as it echoes by,
Thy loving mercies, and thy equal ways :
No wrath, no pain, no strife,
But peaceful mercy reigns around—above,
O'er all the darkness of an earthly life,
God speaks through all things, in the tones of love.

H. M.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.



IN time's drear desert, many a spot
Bursts on the weary traveller's eye,
Where sparkling founts the landscape dot,
And cooling streams, like silver lie,
Circling the palmy groves that throw
Soft shadows o'er the meads below,—
How hope enkindles in his breast
As o'er the scene his vision glances !
How care and fear are hush'd to rest,
As nearer still his step advances !
But ah ! his course is onward still,
O'er burning plain and towering hill,
He pauses but a moment there ;
But many a weary day recalls
Its velvet meads and balmy air,
Its groves and dashing waterfalls.
Thus, while with toiling step I tread
Life's dreary way, more lonely growing,

With clouds fast dark'ning overhead,
And distant lightnings fitful glowing ;
Or fainting 'neath the sun's fierce beam,
Pant for some cooling desert stream,
Where softly on an emerald mead,
In peace may rest my aching head,—
Oh ! then my longing heart goes back,
Along life's ne'er forgotten track,
And pauses where thy presence lent
To joy its richest blandishment.

Companion of my earliest days !
Friend of my now maturer years !
Though still from thee my footstep strays,
Thine image memory's record bears ;
And tho' Time's cold and mouldering finger
Doth on the wearing tablet linger,
Affection, "Old Mortality,"
Each line that dims beneath decay,
Restores, more deeply cut, to lie
As years on years pass swift away.

T. S. A.

university and blinds ringing and red snout, greed on
the nose, I have never been so much afraid—just
now I am gay and temerary, but it is all
too hard and stern, full like this guidance of
many honest values which set at times such
orders to some but, when I look out—

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE ROMANTIC GEORGIANNA.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"Talk not to me, of dreamy eyes,
Of looks, with lazy languor fraught."



GEORGIANNA BAILEY was about eighteen years old; an age when a young lady should, in some matters at least, begin to think and decide for herself—when the gay dreams of sixteen, teeming with stately castles and chivalric knights, should be less frequent—when to be a distressed heroine with disheveled hair, and wildly gazing eyes, should begin to be considered as falling short in some degree of the acme of imagined bliss. I know not how it is, with those who have never been accustomed to poring rapturously over the pages of romance; but I will venture to say, there never was a person devoted to that kind of reading *altogether*, who was satisfied with his condition in life—who did not most of the time think every thing and almost every body around him too tame, flat, and uninteresting, when compared with the bewitchingly unnatural characters, found in his favorite books. Of course, there must be one person, never spoken to, but met under very romantic circumstances, who is the imaginary realization of poetic day-dreams and midnight reveries. Who can tell the thousand ills an inordinate love of novel reading causes, to young ladies, perhaps from twelve to seventeen? They are little better than machines to other people, for their perverse heads are utterly regardless of any body's course but their own. If a relation die or get married, they have hardly time to hear it, and feel more like cuffing the ears of the persons who interrupt their reading or reverie, by communicating the news, than sorrowing or rejoicing like the rest of the world.

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Besides this, which only those guilty of such things can know, how many little arts are resorted to, to keep our doings from the knowledge of father and mother. How many colds are caught, by wandering up stairs to our own private room on a winter's day, when shivering and feeling sadly blue,—the only remedy thought of, is to draw a blanket from the bed, and after wrapping up in it, from head to foot, to take a seat again in the great old-fashioned chair, witness of so many tears, shed over those precious novels.

Georgianna Bailey had passed this age, and she read openly, because she was now too old, to be cured by her parents, who had long since given her up, as a hopeless case. Her father was a merchant in easy circumstances, and, therefore, she did little, but try to amuse herself. She was pretty, and *tolerably* amiable, which means that it was seldom she fell into a violent rage. She was passionately fond of poetry, she said, and upon every occasion she had a line ready, and frequently two or three verses. Page after page of Lalla Rookh, would flow from her tongue as glibly as could be desired. One passage was a peculiar favorite, because it described her feelings so exactly, and she repeated it with the utmost expression and pathos. It was this:

"O, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But it was first to fade away."

Georgianna's passion for romance inclined towards the tragic. Weeping, and wailing, and sighing, dreamy eyes, and cheeks pallid from the heart's corroding sorrow, affected her most tenderly,—even when there was no cause for all this abandonment of feeling. One evening she sat up reading the "Bandit's Bride" until it was

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past midnight; her head ached with intensity of interest, and the tears she shed, would have filled several bottles. In the morning she rose about nine o'clock, feeling miserably stupid. She was to attend a party in the evening, and a young friend who was also to be there, called on her.

"O, my sweet Maria, how overjoyed I am to see you!" she exclaimed, languidly opening her eyes and smiling faintly, as she entered the parlor, "why have you not been to see me before, *ma douce amie*?" She folded the young lady to her heart, and kissed her several times.

"Well, I hav'n't made any calls since I was here before. But what is the matter with you? you look pale."

"I am very fragile and delicate, always. This morning I rose from my couch,

"With all my brow's young freshness fled."

But I believe persons of a sensitive temperament, never are as robust as the common sort of people. Do you think they are?"

"Well, I do n't know, I'm sure," returned Maria, casting down her eyes, to hide a mischievous twinkle. "What do you call sensitiveness?"

"O, sensitiveness,—it means very fine feelings; any refined person can understand what it is, if they do not possess it."

"But I have known persons of very fine, delicate feelings enjoying perfect health and spirits."

Georgianna was silent a moment, then she looked up and repeated in a low tone the words of the poet, as if to explain the mystery,

"Who happy, and not eloquent of love?"

Perhaps no shadow cast by cruel fates, darkened their hearts, when you saw them; but doubtless they often wept in secret, when far away from the only object who could sympathize with them. I, too, could be happy if I could meet with one capable of appreciating my sensitive nature, but,

"I feel like one who treads alone."

Georgianna drooped her eyes with a tragic look.

"The persons I referred to particularly," said Maria, "were an old bachelor and a sister about his own age. They are very refined, but appear always to be cheerful and contented."

"Quite singular," retorted Georgianna, pushing back her ringlets, which were nearly a yard long, and leaning her head upon the white hand she was so careful of. "Very singular indeed! But Maria," she added, and then bent her head

modestly, that her hair might shade her glowing face, "Maria, do n't you divine what I mean?"

"No, I do n't. I must be very dull."

The blushing girl did not raise her head, but she seemed to be laboring under some great emotion. She sighed deeply, and once or twice pressed her hand upon her brow.

"What is the matter, my dear girl?" cried Maria, rising from her seat, and placing herself on the sofa next the agitated young creature. "Do, pray relieve your heart, and confide to me, your trouble!"

"Oh! Maria, my sweet, sympathizing friend! It should be sacredly locked up in my own bosom. For you know it is woman's fate 'to suffer, and be still.' But my confiding nature will not permit it. I must weep upon your faithful breast." The fair damsel threw both arms around her friend, and rested her head upon her shoulder in the most touching attitude. But her eyes were unfortunately tearless.

"Well," urged Maria, after a few moments had been most tenderly occupied, "can't you tell me your secret now? I am very anxious to hear what has had power to agitate you so."

"Maria," said Georgianna, elevating her head almost solemnly, "do you remember last Wednesday evening, when we met at the Alhamra? I was leaning on the arm of Eugene Wells, when you came in accompanied by—by—alas! I know not his name."

"Why, it was my brother, the one that belongs to the navy. He has been absent three years, and I don't wonder you did not recognize him. I would have introduced him, and have recalled old times, if you had not been going out, when we saw you. Don't you think he looks quite like a hero, in his uniform and mustache?"

"He is the very *beau ideal* with which my fancy has so long been familiar. When my eyes fell upon his noble form, it seemed like recalling some long-forgotten dream. Did he remember me?"

"Yes, he said he thought he had seen your face before. He scolded me for not stopping, that he might speak with you, and remarked that you had grown very beautiful; he asked me, when I came from home to-day, if I were coming to see you: and I heard him half-whisper to himself, 'Well, if that lovely Georgianna is not to be at the party to-night, I shall not care to go.' So George, remember that."

It happened that Maria Scott made up all this speech from her own fertile imagination, as she went along. She was a very intelligent girl, but careless of always following the truth exactly, when white lies could afford her any amusement. As soon as Georgianna made her

her confidant, she resolved, with her usual quickness, to derive some sport from it. Instead of trying to repress her friend's ridiculous romance, she encouraged it, by appearing to sympathise with her, when in the humor. At other times, she delighted to oppose her with apparently quiet, accidental remarks.

She professed a friendship for Georgianna, and, therefore, her course towards her was perfectly heartless. She really regarded her with supreme contempt, and made no secret of it with her young companions, who laughed by themselves, at the poor girl's behaviour. Maria's wit never flowed more easily, than when employed upon Georgianna Bailey. After she had inflated her heart with vanity, she took her leave of her with a kiss, and called on several other young ladies to relate all that Georgianna had said, and to mimic her actions, and tone of voice.

When Georgianna was left alone, she altered her position, to a graceful, half-reclining one, and bending her head, yielded herself up to dreamy fancies. The soft smile of gratified vanity occasionally dimpled her cheek, and heightened the eyes, which at times, she raised with a quick, glad expression of triumphant pride. She thus loitered away an hour or two, until the dinner bell reminded her of her corporeal wants. In the afternoon, after carefully arranging her long ringlets, so that they would not get ruffled, she betook herself to her "couch," as she termed it, and pored over a book until twilight. Then came the dressing for the party, where she was to meet again, her beau ideal. She wore no ornaments whatever, as the last heroine she read of was perfectly chaste and unaffected in her dress.

Georgianna thought as she eyed herself, that she looked as bewitchingly simple as Kate Kearney without any dimple. A young gentleman whom she had formerly considered as her *cher amie*, was obliged to wait in the parlor more than an hour, before she was in readiness to be escorted to the party. He was really attached to her, and therefore all her little airs were delightful to him as he never thought of affection in her case.

"Ah! Miss Georgianna!" he exclaimed, rising quickly to meet her, as she entered the room. He colored slightly, and with a somewhat embarrassed air, presented her a half blown rose.

"Will you wear this for me," he whispered, "and remember its language?"

Georgianna took it, blushed and smiled. She hesitated a moment about placing it in her hair, then raised her eyes to those of Eugene Wells, which were earnestly regarding her; she laughed, and turned towards the mirror to fasten it in her braids, and hide the deep crimson that dyed her face.

How many thoughts sometimes pass through our minds in a moment, and how very quickly conclusions are made. Well might the tell-tale blood steal burningly to Georgianna's cheek, and cause her to turn aside, that her thoughts, which she almost imagined were written on her face, might be concealed. Something told her that she was doing wrong, when she took that rose, and suddenly resolved to play the coquette; for Mr. Wells was nothing to her, now that she had discovered in Maria's brother 'her tuneful mate,' her Cid, her Achilles. It seemed a very romantic thing to have a broken hearted swain languishing, and sighing his very soul away, for her sake.

She never debated on the uprightness of her conduct an instant; she did not reflect that what might be idle pastime to her, would end in positive pain and suffering to another.

Coquetry, deliberately planned and resolved upon, must degrade, and at length chill, the most generous impulses of the heart. There is a consummate selfishness in it; a heartless, cruel disregard of the sensibilities of others. And yet, it is practised, through vanity, very frequently, by those who would consider themselves insulted if it were insinuated that *they* were any thing but amiable, and gentle hearted.

While Georgianna and Eugene Wells were proceeding to the party, at a slow pace, and conversing in a low, earnest tone about flowers and their language, Maria Scott and her brother were in their father's carriage, riding to the same place of destination. The rattling of carriage wheels, hardly drowned their gay, hearty laughter,—and the object of that mirth, was Maria's professed friend, Miss Bailey.

"O," cried Maria, "you will be her hero to perfection. But mark me, do n't commit yourself by words. You must sigh, and spout poetry, and gaze with a pensive look up at the stars."

"Never fear for me," responded her brother, dashing the dark, rich hair, from his handsome forehead. "My phiz and naval suit have broken a dozen ladies' hearts. As Miss Georgianna is already smitten, affairs will go on swimmingly. Is there any rival in the way? You know if I should out-general 'a fond, impetuous youth,' it would be quite a feather in my cap."

"O! yes, every thing is propitious. Eugene Wells is her shadow; he is perfectly bewitched by her charms." Maria paused; her heart reproached her, for the unprincipled part she was acting, towards two persons who had never injured her.

"Remember," she said, by way of apology to herself, "we are only to have a little sport. You must not go too far."

"O, no, as soon as she falls *in* love with me, she may fall *out* again."

Maria's conscience smote her. How was she employing her influence as a sister? Her brother's heartlessness showed her her own. She thought, "suppose Georgianna really has feeling, concealed beneath all her foolishness—suppose she should indeed become attached to my brother?"

For the first time his careless laugh, struck gratingly upon her ear. But the plan had been of her own proposing; several of her young companions knew of it, and she would not retract. Banishing all unpleasant thoughts, she alighted from the carriage, and soon after with a gay smile, entered, leaning on her brother's arm, the handsomely furnished parlors where the company was assembled. Georgianna was already there. Lieutenant Scott fixed his eyes upon her with a look of marked admiration, then whispering to his sister, he led her to a seat next the gratified girl.

"Ah, my dear Georgy, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed Maria, "let me introduce you to my brother, Miss Bailey—Lieutenant Scott."

The officer bowed profoundly, then pressed the little gloved hand which Georgianna presented, with an expression of silent rapture.

"Have I indeed the happiness—" he whispered, but his delight was apparently too excessive for him to complete the sentence, except by a soft smile and a killing look. Georgianna gazed up with an expression which said as plainly as need be,—

"There's not a word thy lip hath breathed
A glance thine eye hath given,
Which lingers not around my heart,
Like sunset hues in heaven."

But Eugene Wells looked on all this, with a frowning brow, and a compressed lip. His eye glanced with nervous quickness from one to the other, and when it rested fully on Georgianna's brightened face, the expression about his mouth, told of the pain he felt. Maria saw it, and her idle smile vanished. She could have laughed at his jealous looks, if this little scene had come about naturally, without premeditation. But now she felt rather uneasy, so she arose and crossed the room to sit by a young friend, and chat nonsense as fast as possible. Lieutenant Scott took her vacant seat. Presently the gentlemen were called upon to select partners for a cotillion.

"Won't you make me perfectly happy by becoming my partner in the dance?" he breathed in the young lady's ear.

"Not now," softly replied the maiden, then

in a louder voice, she added, "I am engaged to dance the first time with Mr. Wells," and she introduced the two gentlemen, as she had forgotten it before. Mr. Wells did not appear to feel much like dancing; when Georgianna looked at him as if to say,

"I am ready."

He hesitated, but changing his thoughts, he rose quickly and offered his arm. While the cotillion was forming, he whispered earnestly, almost sternly,

"Miss Bailey, were you ever acquainted with that gentleman before this evening?"

Georgianna colored; her pride was touched by the tone he assumed, so very different from the manner in which she was usually addressed by gentlemen. She had not reflected that a general tone of flattery to a lady, is an insult to her heart, and understanding.

"I was somewhat acquainted with him three years ago," she replied briefly; then she turned away her face with a haughty expression.

The frown on the brow of Eugene deepened, but the cotillion was finished without either speaking again. Georgianna, who was never unkind for any length of time, felt sorry for her cold manner. She was conversing as usual with Eugene, and he appeared to have forgotten his unpleasant feelings, when Lieutenant Scott made his appearance, and seated himself next Georgianna on the sofa. He made himself, (as both he, and the young girl he was so unfeelingly tampering with, thought) perfectly irresistible. She danced with him, walked out on the piazza with him, listening enraptured to the poetry he repeated so eloquently. And she replied in strains as low and musical. She dared not be absent from the company too long; when she returned, and her eye fell upon Mr. Wells, his keen, yet sad, reproachful glance, stilled the tumult of gay vanity in her heart. She walked home with him, and they separated with few words.

When Eugene reached his chamber, he threw himself into a chair and buried his face in his hands.

"Oh! how I loved her," he muttered passionately, then after a pause he added, "and I love her still." One single sob broke from him, and then all was silence. But the sunlight streamed into his window, hours after, and his head was still leaning on the table, half-supported by his left arm. Only his clenched hand told how busy, stern thoughts had been with him.

Three months passed away, and Eugene had not, during the time, gone near Georgianna. But he learned all the motions of Lieutenant Scott; hardly an evening went by, without his being in Georgianna's company. Her romance seemed to

increase each time she saw him. She thought she was passionately devoted to his happiness, and dreams of love in a cottage, floated daily through her imagination. Finally the young officer absented himself a whole week; Georgianna suffered extremely; she wept, and watched by the window in the hope of seeing his well known form. But he come not.

"Surely some heavy calamity threatens him," she thought, "and it falls upon me to sooth his troubled spirit. I will fly to him this moment. I will be his angel of consolation in adversity, as I have been the idol of his gay moments."

Thinking thus, Georgianna hastily obtained her bonnet, and throwing a shawl over her shoulders, hurried down stairs, and traversed with flying steps the streets leading to her friend Maria's residence. When she reached the house, she rang the bell quite furiously. Maria came running to the door herself to see what the matter was. She turned pale on seeing Georgianna.

"Where is he?—my hero?" gasped the exhausted girl, entering the hall and dropping into a chair. "Tell me all, Maria! Is he sick, is he dying? I am here to watch by his bedside!"

"Speak lower," said Maria, who feared her parents might learn the cruel game her brother had played. Her lips were white, and she trembled at the thought of her own guiltiness.

"Come into the parlor," she added, in a whisper, to the excited girl, who also became deadly pale on observing Maria's agitation. When they were in the parlor, Georgianna scanned her companion's face eagerly; there was an expression in it which she did not like.

"Has he asked for me?" she inquired, supposing the brother was sick.

"No, no," answered Maria, shaking her head. "Oh! I cannot tell you."

"Only tell me if he is yet alive?"

"Yes, and well," said Maria, huskily, "but he has gone to the East Indies, to be absent five years."

"Maria!" uttered Georgianna, in a low, gasping tone, at the same time starting forward, and drawing away the hands with which Maria had covered her face, "do you speak the truth? Has he forsaken me? Has he never loved me?"

"Never! as God is my witness. I will speak the truth now, whatever may be the consequences," answered Maria, almost inaudibly, but with firmness on her colorless lips. "O! if I had been innocent of this."

A loud scream escaped Georgianna, and she fell forward senseless upon the floor. Maria attempted to arrest her fall, but her own strength

was nearly gone. She sunk down beside the poor, duped girl, and bowed her head to the very floor, in abjectness of spirit.

"Oh! God, forgive me!" burst from her lips. Her sobs of broken agony, shook her whole frame. Georgianna's pale, death-like countenance was watered with her remorseful tears. With an intensity of humble love, and pity, she clasped her arms around the insensible girl she had so wronged, and kissed her cold brow and lips. Never was prayer uttered so fervently for her own soul, as that which she now poured forth for the victim of her cruelty. She obtained a pitcher of water from the table, although she could hardly support her trembling limbs. After dashing some of it over Georgianna's face, she rubbed her white hands. The poor girl soon recovered. "Have you strength enough to go and lie down in my chamber?" inquired Maria, as Georgianna partly raised herself, and fixed her eyes full of meaning, upon her face.

"No, Maria, I cannot stay here; only one favor I have to ask from you, and that is to send me home in your carriage." Maria burst into tears as she assisted Georgianna to rise, and supported her tottering steps to the sofa.

"I do n't deserve your forgiveness, for the part I have acted, but I could get down on my knees to you, if it would express my sorrow, and humiliation. O, Georgianna! do n't turn away from me. I will do any thing, every thing, to atone for the past: do n't hate me! say you will forgive me!" supplicated the wretched girl, twining both arms around Georgianna's neck, and sobbing convulsively upon her bosom. She wept upon a kind heart, and her pardon was sealed.

"I thought you loved me," said Georgianna, in a low, sad voice, and tears forced themselves through the slender fingers she pressed over her pale face. "O, how could you both deceive me so? Perhaps no one loves me."

She bent her head upon the arm of the sofa, and a cry full of the anguish of a young and hitherto trusting heart, harrowed poor Maria's already excited feelings.

"I was to blame entirely at first," she said, "but I afterwards repented, and implored my brother, day after day, not to go on; but it was too late, he would not heed me. O, Georgianna! this has caused my pillow to be wet with tears more than once."

"But why did you not come and tell me, yourself?"

"I knew it would be useless; you would not have believed me. Edward would have persuaded you that I knew nothing of his feelings. I threatened to do so, but he laughed at the idea, and said you would believe him spite of all the

world. I sent you an anonymous letter. Did you receive it?"

"Yes," replied Georgianna, raising her head and taking Maria's hand, "did *you* send it! It is true, that I did not credit a word of it. But now, I wish I had heeded it. I never would have suffered as I have this morning. Do n't cry, Maria. I believe in your repentance now," she continued, as the unhappy girl with her head bent, was weeping bitterly. "It was my own fault; if I had not been vain and full of day-dreams this would never have happened. I have cast away one heart that loved me truly, and now I must be despised or forgotten."

"Did you love my brother?" inquired Maria, as if half-dreading the answer.

"I thought I did," responded Georgianna, a deep, indignant flush chasing away her deadly paleness. "But now I despise—" she did not go on; Maria's look of mingled shame and suffering, touched the heart of her she had so deeply injured. They separated in tears. Georgianna would hardly have been human, if there had not been some bitterness in her bosom. But both promised never to refer to the past. That day of pain and humiliation on the part of both was remembered, and its effects felt through life. Georgianna by degrees laid aside her affectation of romance, and her naturally good heart, became better through earnest and prayerful effort to do right, and to do it humbly and simply, without regard to the opinions of others. Poor Maria, too, from that time, never deliberately made sport of the weakness of a single human creature; a frank kindness began to characterise her intercourse with every one. Her wit became innocent, her powers of pleasing were devoted to all.

Rumor soon spread abroad that the affair of Lieutenant Scott and Miss Bailey, was a mere flirtation. Eugene Wells learned it, but he was too proud to sue again to one who had treated him so lightly. A coquette he perfectly despised.

Two years passed away, and in the meantime

he was often thrown into the company of Georgianna. He marked her demeanor closely, her every changing expression. Frequently he was so near her that he was obliged to speak, and before he was aware of it, the affection he had once borne her, returned deeper and stronger than ever.

Women are said to be strange creatures; it often happens that they do not suspect themselves, of caring particularly for a person, until some terrible catastrophe occurs to separate them. So it was with Georgianna; now that her infatuation with the officer was over, she remembered the truer sympathy which existed towards Eugene Wells. Lieutenant Scott had gratified her vanity entirely; he was remarkably handsome, easy and graceful in his manners, and a universal favorite in society. Men and women do not always know how often their choice falls upon the favorites of those around them, instead of one best adapted to their own peculiar character and disposition. They see a person caressed by others, and without examining further, they conclude that person of course is perfect, and precisely suited to their own taste. Alas! when the honey moon is over, the curtain which should have been raised before, is taken away, and faults not dreamed of, appear.

Eugene and Georgianna became more intimately acquainted, and passion gave way to reason, esteem and deep love. They say Cupid is blind, but in this case, Georgianna and her reclaimed lover, tried to open the little god's eyes. They endeavored, not to put the best foot foremost, but to show each other their natural characters, and make confession of their faults, intending of course to overcome them, as fast as they could. But notwithstanding these laudable efforts at candor, each regarded the other as *comme il faut*. Before Lieutenant Scott returned from his expedition after an absence of five years, with an eastern bride, Mr. and Mrs. Wells were enjoying all the connubial happiness imaginable.

TO A WHITE VIOLET.

Coy inmate of the lowly shade,
'Mid clustering leaves embosomed deep,
Why thus, in modest garb array'd
Hid'st thou beneath the hedge-row's steep?

While gaudier flowers that woo the sun
In all the pride of color glow,

Thy odoriferous breath alone,
Reveals the gem that lurks below.

So modest worth in humble guise
Retiring, shuns the gazing eye
While round the hallowed spot arise
A thousand sweets that never die.

THE SOUL AND THE WAVE.

AN IRREGULAR ODE TO MUSIC.

BY JAMES HUNGERFORD.



I.
WEET spirit of the vocal choir,
And of the many-sounding lyre,
That hast through all created time,
In every region and in every clime,
Since with the hymning stars thy race began,

Held grateful empire o'er the heart of man ;
Inspire my song and let it be,
Spirit of harmony, becoming thee.

II.

In every hour, in every mood,
In melancholy solitude,
Or in the gay and festive bower,
The spirit yields submissive to thy power.
All feelings of the human breast,
All thoughts and passions of the mind
Thy mystic charm can sooth to rest,
Or stir to tempest wild and undefined.

III.

The variable soul
Is like a dim expanse of boundless seas,
And thy ethereal control,
The ever-changing breeze ;
And as the wind of heaven controls the sea,
Thou rul'st the spirit by thy melody.

IV.

Soft, slow, the wind, and soft and slow thy numbers ;
The soul is dreaming calm and pleasant dreams ;
The ocean with a gentle breathing slumbers,
And each illumined by heaven-descending beams.

V.

Lively, brisk the zephyr's motion,
Brisk and lively is thy lay,
And the blithsome waves of ocean
Swift each other chase in play.
O'er the soul as quickly speeding
Merry thoughts and fancies throng,
Each the other still succeeding
With the fleeting notes of song.

VI.

With gathered powers the lordly breeze
Pours a tornado-blast o'er ocean's plains ;
Spreading afar and wide upon the seas

A fierce and mad commotion reigns.
The waters, that wild breeze impelling,
Like the breast of the sleeper are sinking and swelling,
And coming
And going,
And foaming
And flowing,
And leaping
And sparkling,
And sweeping
And darkling,
And dashing
And flashing
The ocean o'er,
Through its extending realms from shore to distant shore.

VII.

Thus when thy strains impetuous sweep,
A hurricane of music o'er the soul,
A tempest rages o'er the spirit's deep,
Stirred by their wild and fierce control,
Each deeper passion, thought and feeling,
The art of those numbers is hiding, revealing,

Stern scorning
Entreaty,
And mourning
And pity,
Hope's beaming,
Despairing,
Love's dreaming,
And fearing
And madness
And gladness
The soul sweep o'er,
Like waves succeeding waves and sinking on the shore.

VIII.

The winds are going down ; mournful and low
O'er the majestic watery wild they flow ;
The waves, obedient to their ruler's thrall,
With motion solemn, slow, darkly arise and fall,
And when thy notes, their storm of passion past,
Into a graver measure sink at last,
The soul is calmed by their subsiding flow
And owns a pensive gloom which is not all of wo.

IX.

Though the wave the wind obey,
Senseless matter still are they ;
Thou hast far a higher merit,
Spirit-born, thou rulest spirit.
All—the haughty and the lowly
Own thy influence pure and holy,
And 't is e'er a grateful power,
Like the morning's waking hour,
Which, though born in tempest, brings
Light forever on its wings ;
Like the sunshine on the stream,

Laughing through its path of flowers,
Thou dost add to joy a beam
In its gayest, wildest hours,
Like the sunshine on the cloud,
Stooping with the tempest low,
Thon dost shed, when hearts are bowed,
Brightness on the gloom of wo.
Such—O, Music ! thy control,
O'er the ever-yielding soul,
Yet how vain are words to tell
All the wonders of thy spell,
Thou alone, with mystic lay
Can'st thy magic well portray.

For Arthur's Magazine.

THE UNITED STATES.

BY J. C. D.



INE own dear land ! I prize
thee without measure,
And fold thee in my heart the
richest treasure
The world could offer to my
earnest prayer ;
It were the greatest evil could
befall me,

If from thy shores some luckless fate should call me,
My own dear land—and fair.

Though other skies may shine with greater splendor,
And other lands may greater riches render,—

The lightning gleams amid the darkest gloom,—
The brightest flames oft cover worthless ashes,
The fairest monument in glory flashes
Above the deepest tomb.

Thou land of rolling floods and lofty mountains,
Of dark green forests and pellucid fountains,
Sounding like silver music o'er the sea,
Out from their prison-bounds in gladness springing,
Their tuneful voices with clear laughter ringing,
To know that they are free.

Thou art mine own ! deep thought nor straining vision
Could make thee fairer—thou, mine own Elysium,
A mighty gem set in the western world !
And though thy skies may shine with colder lustre,
The brightest constellations 'round thee cluster
Where e'er thy flag 's unfurled.

Thou band of stars, of beauty and of wonder,

Oh, never may thy links be rent asunder ;
May the lost Pleiad's fate be none of thine ;
It cannot be while heaven shineth o'er thee,
And one bright planet leads the way before thee,
And whispers " thou art mine."

Fair Freedom's voice—thou land of swelling waters ;—
And all thy starry train are her fair daughters,
Sisters alike in beauty and in fame ;
And though the elder be more famed in story,
The younger too, doth wear a wreath of glory,
Blazon'd with Freedom's name.

For all are her's—and she is whispering ever,
To each fair child, " Thou art mine own forever,
The choicest jewels in my diadem :
Thy stars I wave in the blue vault of heaven,
Not e'en the orbs that light the brow of even,
Shall be more bright than them.

" Thy sons are mine,—in hours of doubt and danger,
Thou gav'st thy noblest ones to the lone stranger,
Who spread her wild free wings beyond the sea,
And o'er the blue expanse of ocean springing,
Waved her bright flag amid glad voices ringing
With shouts of ' Liberty ! ' "

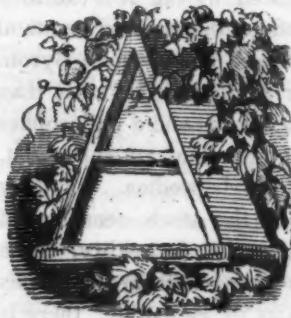
My country, thou art her's—she, thine forever !
May the tongue speak and may the heart beat never,
That would undo the cord that binds thee one ;—
She shall be thine ! Heaven hath received the token,
And thou art her's ! those vows can ne'er be broken,
While lips breathe " WASHINGTON."

For Arthur's Magazine.

MODERN POETRY.—NO. IV.

BY HENRY D. COOKE.

JOHN PIERPONT.



other pursuits, and to the incessant demand which the developing resources of this vast continent, are constantly making upon every physical and mental energy of its inhabitants. The distinctions of society, in this country, are as yet but partially established, and are, in many instances based upon wrong principles. Wealth is too often made the standard of respectability, without reference to character, attainments, or moral worth, thereby possessing a value which is not all its own ;—a value which is fictitious ; and the effect of this false estimation, is to mislead society and confuse its operations. The prevailing current of public attention runs in this one broad, deep channel, and many are thus borne away, upon its surface from the proper field of exertion.

The comparative newness of our institutions, under whose operation, a perfect development of our national energies has not yet been attained, and the constant call which daily opening fields of enterprise make upon these energies, partially, if not wholly account for the inattention which has been paid to the cultivation of poetry in this country. There may be other causes for this neglect, than those at which we have glanced, but it is not our present purpose to attempt a clear exposition of them all. We would merely introduce the fact, that though America has many poets, and much poetry, she has but few thoroughly *American* poets, and but little *national* poetry, leaving the reader to investigate more fully for

himself, the points to which we have above merely alluded.

There is at present but little to distinguish the poetry of this country from that of Europe, and this fact is the more surprising, since the condition of our people, the character of our institutions, and the influence of our free principles, are so different from the condition, character and influence of the monarchical governments of the old world. Yet one can not fail to perceive that, as fast as our card-built imitations of the time-worn, crumbling follies of Europe fall before the march of civil and social improvement, we are becoming more distinctly, a separate nation. Our institutions are based upon principles differing from other governments; our individual and social character is daily becoming more clearly stamped with a *national* impress;—we are becoming a “peculiar people.” Our fathers trampled upon the musty creed, which gave kings “the divine right” to rule, and established in its stead, nobler doctrines. Under their genial influence we have been, and still are rapidly advancing, in all that can make a nation great or happy; but as yet, one field has been left almost untrodden; and whilst we are so dissimilar and yet so “exalted above other nations in point of privileges,” we possess no *truly* national school of literature. We have, indeed, occasionally a great production, whose spirit and impress is purely American, but these capricious effusions of our national muse, are like snatches of an old song, indistinctly sung once over, perhaps, and then dying away with sad echo, into forgetfulness. Why should this be? Why should not our country like Germany and England have a poetry, peculiarly its *own*—a poetry which should breathe the free and noble spirit, which lives in, and animates our institutions and our society? Why should not *Americans* have a poetry whose *tone* should be *American*? Can they not boast

of an array of talent equal to the task of building up a system? Are they deficient in materials, which shall at once kindle and feed the flame? Our land—is there nothing in this? The "poetry of nature" here invites genius to copy her unwritten music into verse; pine-clad mountains and verdant dales,—the forest-hidden brook, the mighty river, the cataract, and the inland sea—the solitude of unbounded wilds, and the magnificence of growing cities,—every variety of climate and scenery,—all that is beautiful, all that is sublime, in external nature is here spread out before the poet; he has but to write down what he sees around him, and the truth he writes, will seem the eloquence of inspiration.

Our history, too,—is there nothing in this? The names of patriots are sinking, unhonored, to forgetfulness;—a thousand historic fields are yet untrodden,—a thousand legends yet remain unsung.

Our national institutions; will not these prove highly favorable to the advancement of literature, when the causes which temporarily divert public attention from this field, shall have ceased to operate? What more then need we, with such a country, such a history, and such institutions?

"Say then, O Time! since thy pervading eye
Waked from the slumber of Eternity,
Hadst thou e'er seen a spot so highly blest,
In bliss and beauty so suberbly dressed?"

But we have dwelt longer upon this subject than we had intended when we took up the pen. The above thoughts were suggested by some of Mr. Pierpont's "Patriotic and Political Pieces," included in the collection of his poems, published in 1840; and we have freely given utterance to them, leaving our readers to judge of the propriety of their introduction here.

We know of none amongst our poets, whose writings we have perused with more pleasure, and more regret, than Pierpont. We discover in his productions indications of that free and noble talent, which boldly seizes, and powerfully wields the subjects and instruments of poetry; but while we admire this, and the independent will which speaks regardless of the public smile or frown, we regret, that in some instances, he has directed the natural energy of his mind towards subjects which call forth the rancor of political feeling, thus disarming himself of his own weapons, or at least, rendering them ineffectual. He may have obeyed the seeming promptings of duty in these cases, but had he turned from the narrow contractions of political prejudices, and given his mind freer scope, his *whole* writings would have been more properly a gift to *all* his countrymen. This spirit manifests

itself in "The Portrait," "The Tocsin" and other pieces, the former of which, with this exception, is unmarred by a single defect worthy of being called a fault. We feel that Mr. Pierpont's poetry entitles him to the aspiration of becoming a favorite poet of the *whole* nation, and regret, that by the introduction of private and sectional opinions, he has, partially excluded himself from that universal favor, which he is abundantly able, by his talents, to win. At the same time we do not profess either to agree, or to disagree with him in these opinions.

Like Whittier, Pierpont seems to have marked out a course of *his own*. He is not a poet of love or romance, for there is none of either in his poetry. His heart seems ice, (in this respect) which can not be thawed by the love-lit fires which melted into freedom the running founts of poetic sentiment; in Moore and even in Byron. His poetry is the offspring of thought, more than of feeling. He seems a scholar and a philosopher speaking in rhyme, rather than an enthusiast, bursting forth in jingling rhapsodies. In many instances he becomes "the stern censurer of man;" he frequently seeks, in reality, those materials which others transport from the realms of fancy. In his "Airs of Palestine" there is perhaps more of imagination, than in any other of his productions; and when first published, it was pronounced the best poem which America had then produced. It gives evidence of great study, combined with much classical and scriptural learning. The double rhymes which occasionally occur in this poem have been objected to by many critics, as violating the dignity of heroic measure. The piece, however, was originally written to be publicly recited, and the author says "they were admitted because I was aware how difficult even a good speaker finds it, to recite the best heroic poetry for any length of time, without perceiving in his hearers the somniferous effects of a regular cadence;" and they were therefore thrown in "to vary the melody which might otherwise become monotonous." This is perhaps a sufficient reason for what might, without it, appear a defect.

"Moslem Worship," "Ruins at Pæstum," "A Birth-day at Scio," together with other minor pieces, were written during his travels in the Old World and after his return, and partake of a spirit, differing from that which pervades most of his poems. In the former of these, there is a liberality and purity of feeling, which enlivens and chastens the whole. In the "Ruins of Pæstum," there is an exuberance of gaiety, which seems in ill accordance with the scene, but which is nevertheless amusing, and on that account perhaps, excusable. His "Occasional Poems"

are numerous and varied in their character. His muse seems to have been an accommodating one, complying strictly to text and occasion; his "Hymns for Anniversary Occasions," are all appropriate, and spirited: In many of these, however, he has had an opportunity of rising but little above mere tameness, and this peculiar merit is in the ease with which they are adapted to their several ends.

We extract the following from the "Airs of Palestine," which gives a fair idea of the thought and style characterizing this truly beautiful poem. The subject is Music.

"So, when one language bound the human race,
On Shinar's plain, round Babel's mighty base,
Gloomily rose the minister of wrath;
Dark was his frown, destructive was his path;
That tower was blasted by the touch of Heaven;
That bond was burst,—that race asunder driven:
Yet, round the Avenger's brow, that frowned above,
Played Mercy's beams,—the lambent light of love.
All was not lost, though busy Discord flung
Repulsive accents from each jarring tongue;
All was not lost; for Love one tie had twined,
And Mercy dropped it, to connect mankind;
One tie, whose airy filaments invest,
Like Beauty's zone, the calm or stormy breast;
Wake that to action, rule of this the strife,
And, through the mazy labyrinths of life,
Supply a faithful clue, to lead the lone
And weary wanderer to his Father's throne.

That tie is MUSIC. How supreme her sway!
How lovely is the power that all obey!
Dumb matter trembles at her thrilling shock;
Her voice is echoed by the desert rock;
For her, the asp withholds the sting of death,
And bares his fangs but to inhale her breath."

"The royal lion leaves his desert lair,
And, crouching, listens when she treads the air;
And man, by wilder impulse driven to ill,
Is tamed, and led by this Enchantress still.
Who ne'er has felt her hand assuasive steal
Along his heart,—that heart will never feel,
'T is her's to chain the passions, sooth the soul,
To snatch the dagger, and to dash the bowl
From Murder's hand; to smooth the couch of Care,
Extract the thorns, and scatter roses there;
Of Pain's hot brow to still the bounding throbs,
Despair's long sigh, and Grief's convulsive sob.
How vast her empire! Turn through earth, through
air,
Your aching eye, you find her subjects there;
Nor is the throne of heaven above her spell,
Nor yet beneath it is the host of hell."

"To her, Religion owes her holiest flame;
Her eye looks heavenward, for from heaven she
came.

And when Religion's mild and genial ray
Around the frozen heart begins to play,
Music's soft breath falls on the quivering light;
The fire is kindled, and the flame is bright;
And that cold mass, by either power assailed,
Is warmed, is melted, and to heaven exhaled."

This poem is replete with beauties; it is the master-piece of all Pierpont's productions. Our limits will not permit us to make other extracts from it.

The following lines have been selected from the "Portrait." They administer what was then a just rebuke upon the country of Washington for permitting his ashes to remain so long unhonored.

"Shame on that country! everlasting shame!
She bids no blazing sun-beam write his name;
His sacred ashes consecrate no urn;
No vault is sculptured, and no vestals mourn;
No marble temple meets the rising day;
No obelisk reflects the evening ray;
Those lips, long hushed in death, among his sons
Nor smile in marble, nor yet breathe in bronze;
No solemn anthem o'er his tomb is sung;
No prayer is heard there from a pilgrim's tongue!—
But o'er the grave where Vernon's hero sleeps,
The tall grass sighs, the waving willow weeps;
And, while the pale moon trembles through the trees,
That bend and rustle to the mighty breeze,
The bird of night, the only mourner there,
Pours on the chilling wind her solemn air;
While flows Potomac silently along,
And listens to her melancholy song."

The "Portrait," was written in 1812, when political feeling excited by the war question, fiercely raged throughout the land; it is therefore impregnated with what would appear, at this day, undue partizan prejudice. The subject is, properly, Our Country and Its Great; and in speaking of the names that live in our history the poet frequently bursts forth into the loftiest eloquence of thought and manner. The reader cannot but regret that the poem has been marred, by the introduction of political opinions, which, at that crisis were violent, and bitter; though in many passages, he is borne along the rapid current of the writer's thoughts, half-unconscious, in his admiration, until some reference to the politics of the day again destroys the illusion;—the charm is broken,—for a discordant note is heard, mingling with the strain. Though this is true of several of the poet's best productions, the discord may have the same effect as in music, rendering the melody which succeeds, the sweeter, and the reader therefore feels inclined to forgive the few faults he may discover.

For Arthur's Magazine.
—

THE POOR POET:

A PLAY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KOTZEBUE.

BY ROBERT ARTHUR, D. D. S.

Characters:

Laurence Kindling.—The Poor Poet.
Mrs. Crabapple.—A fruiterer.

{ *Therese*.
Julius.

A waiter.

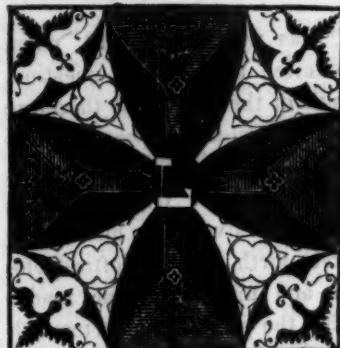
SCENE. *The fruiterer's room, an apartment of a house in a seaport town; a table, two chairs and an empty hamper. On the table is a broken cup, which serves the purpose of an inkstand, and a bottle in which is still remaining a stump of candle, showing that it has been used as a candlestick.*

Observation of the author, to such players as sometimes misconceive their parts: *It is not intended that the Poor Poet should excite laughter but, simply, a smile.*

(Laurence Kindling, sitting behind the table, writing.)

AURENCE.

"The master-work of Nature, man." No, it will not do—there is no rhyme for man. He is a rhymeless creature. (Rises.) I am not in the vein to-day—the verses will not



flow. This unfitness is caused, I know, by the fast-day I was compelled to celebrate, yesterday, and my consequent jejuneness at present. When I think of my rich Surinam planter, who had the misfortune never to be hungry, I am far happier than he, for I am always hungry. Sometimes, indeed, I am rather more so than is exactly agreeable; but I continue healthy and would not exchange my condition with that of the rich planter, who tortures his slaves, and whose poor daughter—Calmly! calmly! most wretched Laurence! that will be a fit subject for contemplation, when you have an order for an elegy.

Mrs. Crabapple, (without.) Be off, villain! you

stole the handkerchief. You may thank heaven that I have so much compassion, or you would find yourself in the house of correction for this.

(Enter Mrs. Crabapple with an umbrella and a white handkerchief in her hand. She slams to the door and sets the umbrella in a corner.)

Laurence. Ah! Mrs. Crabapple with whom are you so angry?

Mrs. Crab. With whom? with you, sir.

Laurence. Why are you angry with me, my dear Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. Because you never keep anything in its place; because it is as necessary to follow you and put your things in order as if you were a child—

Laurence. Blessed are little children!

Mrs. Crab. Because you let something be stolen from you every moment.

Laurence. Better to have our property stolen from us than to steal.

Mrs. Crab. Not so. Although both are bad and I have never stolen in my life, yet if compelled to choose, I would rather be the thief, God forgive me! than the sufferer. As I came home, I found, standing at the door, a young vagabond, who, although covered with rags, had

a fine white handkerchief tied around his head. I was struck with the contrast, between the clean white handkerchief and the dirty rags which covered his body; I stepped up to him, examined the corner, and tore it from his head.

Laurence. Why did you do so, my dear Mrs. Crabapple?

Mrs. Crab. Zounds, sir! it is *your* handkerchief. Have I not washed it more than once?—there stands your name L. K. To the house of correction with the young thief! he stole the handkerchief.

Laurence. Ah! my worthy Mrs. Crabapple, that, in any case, would be unnecessary, for in this world we are all in a great house of correction. But the poor boy is innocent—I gave him the handkerchief.

Mrs. Crab. Gave it to him!

Laurence. He asked me for money; and you know I have none.

Mrs. Crab. Alas! I do, indeed.

Laurence. It was raining very hard, the poor boy had nothing on his head, the rainwater was dripping from his hair and it made me feel so sorry.

Mrs. Crab. And so you gave him the handkerchief?

Laurence. Yes, my dear Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. (*mimicking him, jeeringly.*) Yes, my dear Mrs. Crabapple.

Laurence. With your permission. (*He takes the handkerchief from her hand and opens the door.*) Here, my poor little fellow, take back the handkerchief. (*He reaches it out.*) The good Mrs. Crabapple did not know I had given it to you. Do not cry, she will give you a couple of apples, some of these times, for having used you so roughly. (*He closes the door.*)

Mrs. Crab. She wont, though, I can tell you! It is too bad! you have, all told, not more than three handkerchiefs.

Laurence. Two only, my dear Mrs. Crabapple, but I can make shift with them.

Mrs. Crab. What harm could it do the young vagabond, any how, if his head did get wet? Many other heads in the world have got a washing. He will sell the handkerchief for a mere trifle.

Laurence. Well, he can buy bread with it. He is a handsome lad and a poor orphan. I was just on the point of proposing to you to take him into our house.

Mrs. Crab. To take him into our house?

Laurence. And bring him up.

Mrs. Crab. Great heaven!

Laurence. You might feed and clothe, whilst I could give him instruction. In the end he would become an honest man who might help us in our old days.

Mrs. Crab. I now see very plainly, that you have lost your reason. I never would believe it because you made verses, but my neighbors have said to me repeatedly: "Take care, Mrs. Crabapple, poets have always a screw loose, somewhere." Has heaven punished me then with a poet who could propose to me, to take beggar children into my house?

Laurence. You have no children of your own and possess a handsome sum of well-earned gold.

Mrs. Crab. But I am a widow and who knows whether I may not, at some time, change my condition. To Providence all things are possible.

Laurence. At your age!

Mrs. Crab. What have I done, I should like to know, that you throw my age up to me? It must be acknowledged that winter apples are the best. In few words, Mr. Laurence Kindling, your month is up to-day; pay me what you owe me and seek other lodgings. But do not tell any one that you are a poet, for no man, knowing that, will take you under his roof.

Laurence. I am sure we shall live very peaceably together, Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. No, we will not live together, at all; I cannot tolerate a spendthrift under my roof.

Laurence. I, a spendthrift! gracious heaven!

Mrs. Crab. Will you pay me, sir, and go your way? Do you understand that?

Laurence. My dear Mrs. Crabapple, I can go, it is true, but, pay you, I cannot.

Mrs. Crab. Yes that's it. These miserable poets earn nothing. The people stand around my apple-basket the whole day but to you comes no one.

Laurence. I have a good prospect, however, Mrs. Crabapple. At the Count's, opposite there, the life of a poodle is drawing to a close. The porter has already told me that the Countess has been speaking of an epitaph, which the poodle is to have,—that is, when he is dead. The porter will recommend me and I shall be well paid for my services.

Mrs. Crab. Oh! to be sure you will be well paid! but I can't wait for that, you must make other arrangements, sir; you have a tolerably new over coat left which you can pawn.

Laurence. The over-coat, Mrs. Crabapple?

Mrs. Crab. You don't need it, much, for you seldom go out of the room, and the old one is good enough.

Laurenee. But there are other people who use the coat.

Mrs. Crab. Other people?

Laurenee. I know I may confide in you, my dear Mrs. Crabapple; for you are an honest,

compassionate woman. Yesterday I was called upon by a poor tinker who had scarcely enough clothing to cover himself; he, at present, wears my over-coat.

Mrs. Crab. (*Clasps her hands together.*) Just listen! and yet he is no spendthrift! I believe, heaven forgive me, that you would give away your heart out of your body.

Laurence. Oh yes, Mrs. Crabapple.

Mrs. Crab. What shall I seize upon? his little bit of washing; good heaven!

Laurence. I have a couple of dozen valentines still on hand—

Mrs. Crab. To the dogs with your valentines! If I were to wrap them round my fine pippins they would not keep till Christmas. In short, Mr. Laurence Kindling, I am determined that you and I shall not remain, another night, under the same roof. Kill the poodle and pay me my money or I shall call the police to my assistance—the police! do you understand?

(*exit.*)

Laurence. Hem! hem! hem! that is not so agreeable. The woman is right; she wants her money—but I, too, am right; for I have none. Well, well, it will come, in good time, and more than I shall want. In the first place, the poodle cannot live much longer. Secondly, Valentine's day will soon be here, and there are the valentines. Thirdly, the lame tailor, my old patron, will soon have a christening and he will employ me to write the letters of invitation. Oh, my dear Mrs. Crabapple, you will be surprised at my riches. She does not mean badly, I am sure. At heart, indeed all men are good; this is not always ascertained it is true till after they are dead—but it is only necessary to examine the obituary notices to become acquainted with a man's real worth. What groping is that at the door? I believe some one knocks. Come in!

(*Enter, Therese, timidly.*)

Therese. I beg your pardon—I am seeking—(*she examines the room, hurriedly.*) No, it is not possible!

Laurence. Whom do you seek, my beautiful young lady?

Therese. (*trembling.*) The poet Kindling.

Laurence. You have found him.

Therese. Have I—have I, really?

Laurence. And why do you suppose it improbable?

Therese. That such a man as you—a poet—(*she glances round the room.*)

Laurence. I comprehend your glance. You are surprised at my poverty? (*pleasantly*) Yes, my good young lady, the muses are unnatural mothers when their sons demand money; for they have none, themselves. But, in return, they

bestow richly upon them the treasures of imagination; and they have adopted a sweet sister, Contentment, whose consolations they freely lend.

Therese. Are you contented?

Laurence. With my lot? Oh yes. What, more than I have, do I need?

Therese. (*With a sad look at him and the contents of the room.*) Almost every thing, it seems to me.

Laurence. That appears to you to be so, my dear young lady because, probably, you have been accustomed to the luxuries of life. But luxuries appear to me like spices. Our ancestors knew nothing of either and yet lived right happily. What do I need then, I again ask you? This wrapper is threadbare, it is true, and ornamented with patches of various colors, but it sets pleasantly to my body and protects me from the cold. My apartment, is, certainly, not a museum and I am obliged to share it with my landlady, the fruiterer; but the good woman is out the whole day and I govern, here, according to my pleasure. The little window is set in lead but neither snow nor rain can force its way through; on the contrary, the sun's rays would come in, were it not for the palace which stands right opposite. My writing-table is not elegant and my inkstand is nothing but a broken cup; but if I were only a Homer I might write an odyssey from it and the little stump of candle, in the bottle, affords me as much light as that great poet obtained from the eyes of his cat. The chairs have been made by a carpenter, but they make right pleasant seats when you are tired. Try one of them I beg you. (*He hands her a chair.*)

Therese. But there are other, daily necessities.

Laurence. Food and drink; yes, these things it is true, are sometimes a source of difficulty—with regard to food, especially, for there is always plenty of water. But one may become accustomed to any thing. Now the rich believe that they cannot live if they do not eat three or four times a day. But that is a mere idea! I, for instance, at this present time, have not taken any food for thirty-six hours and am still sprightly. The stomach complains a little but the head is so much the clearer.

Therese. What, Mr. Kindling! for such a long time you have—

Laurence. When something comes, it tastes so much the better.

Therese. You have involuntarily—

Laurence. Oh that happens, sometimes. Well, my beautiful young lady what can I do for you? Your business must be pressing to have brought

you out in such bad weather. How can I serve you with my humble art? Command me! I labor quickly.

Therese. You are right—the weather is very inclement, and I have come here on foot; this has made me very tired and—I set out fasting—I feel—how shall I call it—

Laurence. Faint?

Therese. Yes, Mr. Kindling and, before I open my business to you, I should be very much obliged if you would procure me some refreshment.

Laurence. Refreshment? Yes my worthy young lady, I can serve you with verses, but—

Therese. Is there no restaurant in the neighborhood?

Laurence. Oh yes, close at hand. The savory odors arising therefrom are sometimes very refreshing to my nostrils and I enjoy them gratis.

Therese. Might I beg—but you must not be offended with me.

Laurence. What do you desire, my beautiful, condescending young lady?

Therese. Would you have the goodness to procure for me some breakfast and a bottle of old wine from your neighbor?

Laurence. O certainly, they can be obtained at once, for the man is ready to supply orders at all hours.

Therese. Take my umbrella.

Laurence. For a couple of steps! oh no! it is entirely unnecessary—the rain is refreshing. I will be back again in a moment. (*Exit.*)

Therese. My father! is it he? The name and the contented, child-like disposition accords with the description given me. But this extreme poverty—this want even of the necessaries of life—my heart aches to think of it! Whilst I have grown up, surrounded by every luxury, my poor father has—hungered! alas! it was out of my power to render him assistance.

(Enter *Laurence*, followed by a waiter.)

Laurence. Here I am, again, already, and here is the waiter with a roasted chicken and a bottle of wine. The people stared, and looked somewhat jeeringly, at me when I asked for these things; but I cannot be surprised at their manner nor blame them, for I have never before ordered such a feast.

Waiter. Here are the articles ordered. But my master charged me not to leave them till I should see the money. Two florins for the eatables and three dollars for the old Rhine wine.

Laurence. (*aside.*) Good heaven! a man might live on that for three months.

Therese. Here is the money; and here is something for your trouble.

Waiter. Many thanks! I wish you good appetite.

Laurence. (*aside.*) To whom does he wish good appetite? Not me, surely?

Therese. Will you not sit and partake with me?

Laurence. With your permission I will stand and wait upon you.

Therese. (*Pours out wine.*) You will not disdain a glass of wine?

Laurence. Disdain it! That can Bacchus say of no poet.

Therese. Take it from my hand.

Laurence. Your health. (*Drinks.*)

Therese. (*aside.*) Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

Laurence. Ah! it burns like fire, like fire! It has been a long time since I have drank wine.

Therese. (*fills.*) Take another glass.

Laurence. It might be too much for me.

Therese. Is there no one, to whose health you might drink?

Laurence. No one—I am entirely alone!

Therese. Have you no reminiscences?

Laurence. Reminiscences! Oh yes! some which are very dear—but they are sad ones!

Therese. Well! drink to the memory of some one whom they recall.

Laurence. (*Takes the glass, and speaks with deep emotion.*) To the dear one, sleeping peacefully under the green sod!

Therese. (*aside.*) It is he!

Laurence. Good wine is a costly luxury—seldom enjoyed—seldom. It expands the poor shrunken heart!

(*Therese gazes on him with emotion.*)

Laurence. But you do not eat, miss? and yet the food seems to be well prepared.

Therese. I have sipped the wine and that has refreshed me very much; I have no longer any appetite. If I might invite you to partake of the chicken.

Laurence. Oh! I beg—

Therese. It will only be taken away by the waiter.

Laurence. Certainly, but—

Therese. You will confer a favor upon me; a great favor, I assure you.

Laurence. (*whose modesty struggles with his hunger.*) If you desire it, I will indeed, take one of these little wings. (*He sits down, and eats, at first, timidly and then, with increasing avidity.*) It must be confessed that my neighbor understands his art—ah! it tastes astonishingly good!

Therese. (*aside.*) Is there any greater earthly pleasure, than that of feeding a poor famished father!

Laurence. (with affright.) I beg your pardon, miss, but, without thinking of what I was doing, I have eaten the breast.

Therese. Eat, I beg, dear Mr. Kindling, and take another glass of wine. You need strength now, and will need it still more presently; in the meantime I will tell you what brought me here.

Laurence. Yes, do so; and, although I should eat a little, I will listen attentively to you.

Therese. I am a stranger—I arrived here, yesterday, for the first time—I feed myself upon the sweet hope of finding a person who, although I have never seen, is inexpressibly dear to me.

Laurence. May heaven bless your hope!

Therese. I am seeking a father, who does not know me—who does not even know that he has a child upon earth.

Laurence. Oh, how happy he will be to learn it.

Therese. I want a poem of a sad, pleasing character, on *Hope*.

Laurence. Ah yes, hope! she has been called a daughter of heaven, because, probably, she dwells so constantly in heaven, only.

Therese. Would you write me such a poem?

Laurence. My good young lady, you do me much honor. Certainly; after a man has drank such wine he may attempt any thing, but, heretofore, I have written nothing but verses for festive occasions.

(Enter Mrs. Crabapple.)

Mrs. Crab. Good heaven! what do I see! Has the fellow spoken truly! I could not believe it! My neighbor's waiter met me a moment ago, and said if I would go home I would find strange doings, there. "What is the matter?" I asked, thinking of no evil. "The poet with a young lady! happy and merry."

Laurence. Yes, my dear Mrs. Crabapple, I am happy and merry, for I have been drinking princely wine.

Mrs. Crab. So! you can drink wine, but you cannot pay your rent, ha!

Laurence. I have not paid for the wine. The dear young lady—

Mrs. Crab. A dear young lady—yes a very charming young lady! Well these are fine doings! this is proper conduct! a young lady and wine! Are you not ashamed of yourself; your hair is grey.

Laurence. Of what are you thinking, Mrs. Crabapple, the young lady has come to order a poem on *Hope*.

Mrs. Crab. On hope! Fudge! I tell you I will not suffer such doings in my house.

Therese. Why you do not, certainly, suppose—

Mrs. Crab. I will suppose what I please. I

can tell, I guess, when an apple is worm-eaten at the core. In short, Mr. Poet, you may, at once, with your pretty miss, pack out of my house. But, before you go, see that you pay me the last penny or you shall sell the shirt off your back.

Laurence. Oh! Mrs. Crabapple—

Therese. (drawing forth her purse.) How much does the gentleman owe you?

Mrs. Crab. (with altered tone at sight of the purse.) Ten shillings, sixpence and three farthings. The rent is ten shillings, and I have lent him the balance out of my pocket; at one time a sixpence, at another, three farthings. There he stands, himself, and he may dispute it if he can.

Laurence. I do not dispute it, my worthy Mrs. Crabapple.

Therese. There is the money and something over wherewith to drink my health.

Mrs. Crab. Ah! indeed! that alters the case.

Laurence. What have you done, miss! I have not yet written the poem, for you, which, at all events, could not be worth such a sum.

Therese. To me, infinitely more!

Mrs. Crab. It is plain to see from her generosity that the lady is an honorable personage. Your ladyship must not be offended with me because I sometimes speak a little roughly. I am somewhat hasty, but hasty people are always the best; although I get angry easily I am soon in a good humor again, and when I see money any one may turn me about with a little finger. I mean no offence, your ladyship, but I am a poor widow and must pay my taxes and license, as your ladyship can readily understand. My husband was a sot, he spent every thing; he is now dead and if in endless torment, I speak as a good christian, he would have nothing but his deserts. This was in the year 1774 or possibly in 1775—

Therese. Very good, Mrs. Crabapple; but may I beg that you will do me the favor to leave me alone for a moment, with this gentleman?

Mrs. Crab. Oh! certainly; your ladyship may command in my house and if you would purchase fruit I have the best of all kinds. I have beautiful apples, apricots and peaches, and figs that will melt upon your tongue; all at your disposal; your most obedient servant. (Exit.)

Therese. That seems to me to be a bad woman.

Laurence. No, indeed, although somewhat loquacious and a little niggardly, she is still right honest.

Therese. To dun so savagely for such a trifle!—

Laurence. I beg your pardon, my dear young lady, to Mrs. Crabapple and to me it is, indeed,

no trifles, and I have fallen so deeply in your debt that—

Therese. You might soon make me your debtor if you would have the goodness to relate, to me, your history.

Laurence. My history! good heaven! what possible interest can my history have for you?

Therese. Who knows! perhaps, the greatest! I pray you relate it to me.

Laurence. I must confess to you, miss, that it brings up so many painful things before me that I should do it very unwillingly.

Therese. But if, in me, you excited the deepest, the most heartfelt sympathy?

Laurence. With that it has, certainly, never yet been my lot to meet.

Therese. Then you will experience, for the first time, how such sympathy refreshes.

Laurence. Who could withstand your affectionate friendliness? Well, as you seem, so much, to desire it, listen. I was born and have always remained, a poor devil. God only knows how people manage to become rich, none of my efforts have ever succeeded. My father was an honest linen-weaver and left me too hundred dollars. My guardian had a coat and a pair of boots made for me and told me my money was gone. The people thought I ought to have prosecuted him; but I knew, very well, that cloth and leather were dear. As my money was gone, and I could not live without doing something, I went to Surinam and became the clerk of a rich planter, who gave me no salary. I had, to be sure, something to eat and drink, every day, but not a great deal of that.

Therese. What was the planter's name?

Laurence. Brutendorf. He had the reputation of being a hard man. But I will say nothing ill of him. He had many men to govern and that cannot be done without severity. But I was not accustomed to it and helped the people through, whenever I could. This conduct might have been wrong; he often abused me bitterly for it and, at last, took a dislike to me on account of it; but God knows, I could not help it. He had a daughter, sprightly, and passionate, but good,—very good. As I was sitting one evening in my corner, chewing a piece of sugar cane, she came in; her eyes were glittering strangely. "Mr. Kindling," said she, "to-morrow I am to be married to our neighbor, the bad old Marfrost; if it takes place I will jump into the furnace." Now, you must know, miss, that the furnace, which was used for distilling rum, was a dreadful place, and no one who jumped into it could ever come out again. "Heaven forbid!" said I; but she swore she would do as she

had said. I cannot give you any idea of her deep despair; nor how my heart bled for her, nor how joyfully I would have sacrificed my life for her's. "Will you save me?" she asked. "Most willingly," I answered, "but how?" She held out her hand: "Let us be married tonight." The tone with which she uttered these words sounded like a request,—like a command—the fair, agitated form—the outstretched white hand—conceive, if you can, my feelings!—I had always cherished for her such deep, distant respect; and should I now become her husband! I stammered out something, for I was so confused I could not collect my thoughts. The rich Marfrost, I said, was quite a different man from me. She said he was much worse—that she had long observed me in silence, and knew that I was good, and kind-hearted. She was not wrong, my dear miss, to say I was good and kind-hearted;—yet I cannot take any credit to myself on that account, for it is my nature. I must confess, that I sometimes do the most stupid things out of pure good nature. You must pardon me, my dear miss, but it is a long time since I have drank wine; wine loosens the tongue and I tell every thing.

Therese. You have certainly nothing bad with which to reproach yourself.

Laurence. Wait a moment, my dear miss, for we now come to the most serious part of the matter. I found myself unable to withstand the beautiful Hedwig, such was the name of the rich Brutendorf's daughter, for my head was as much agitated as my heart. Pride whispered: "She takes you out of despair;" but vanity elevated her voice with: "She regards you above the rich Marfrost who is looked up to by the whole country." So I threw my piece of sugar cane into the corner and followed the beautiful Hedwig through night and mist. She had prepared every thing—we were married and I said from my heart, "yes." That was very bad, was it not? Brutendorf was my employer—he was Hedwig's father—how did I dare to marry the daughter without the father's consent? God forgive me! I was a man and a right bad one, too.

Therese. Alas! It brought you no happiness!

Laurence. A distempered conscience, my life long. We fled to an old negro who owed his freedom to my Hedwig. Through her influence he had come into possession of a little piece of land and a hut, in which we concealed ourselves. I lived a couple of weeks as if I were in Paradise, my Hedwig was so beautiful, so good; we learned daily to know each other better,—we loved!—yes my dear miss, we loved!—Do not be displeased with me, but I have drank so much wine that my nerves are very much deranged and I must weep, a little.

Therese. Oh! if I were only permitted to wipe away those tears!

Laurence. In confidence, these tears often flow, without wine, in the long, sleepless nights. Well, it is a just retribution! The father discovered our place of concealment, we were surprised, drawn forth and separated. I have never seen my Hedwig since! Dear Lord—I must weep again!—do not be displeased with me—I believe, indeed, that you are weeping, too.

Therese. From my heart.

Laurence. God bless you for it! ah! the worst comes now. I was imprisoned to await a trial, like a felon. If they had hanged me they would have served me justly—but they allowed me to escape, I cannot tell why. Several men, in disguise, came to my prison at night; they must have bribed the jailer—I was placed on board a vessel just about to sail. One of the men put gold into my hand but warned me never to return to Surinam. I felt as if I must jump into the sea; but the man thrust a little scrap of paper into my hand, which saved me from self-destruction. On it were written, by my Hedwig, these words: “*I will follow you as soon as I can.*” Oh! I have that little piece of paper still! but, of late, I have looked at it but seldom; for my eyes are painful, now—you understand me—I must write a great deal by a stump of candle and I want my eyes.

Therese. You shall spare them in future.

Laurence. No, that cannot be. A morsel of bread must be earned. It was a considerable amount of gold which the man gave me, I believe; enough to have served me during life, but somehow I lost it.

Therese. Lost it!

Laurence. Yes. People thought it must have been stolen from me, but I can scarcely believe that. It was in good ducats, in a neat little casket. Now, I had some beautiful works, by Wieland, and thought that they deserved much more than the gold, a place in the casket. Therefore, I took out the ducats and put Wieland in their place. I carried the gold in my pockets, which might have had holes in them—in short, the money disappeared. I do not know how much there was, for I never counted it. But I still had the little note: “*I will follow you as soon as I can,*” which lay alongside of Wieland.

Therese. And so you were compelled, in future to struggle with poverty.

Laurence. Oh no; at first things went very well with me. I received a fine little appointment, which I had some trouble to obtain; it was to attend to the lamps of the light house. You may easily guess why I chose this employment; I could look out upon the sea. As often

as I saw a ship in the distance, hu! how my heart thumped. Many ships arrived, but my Hedwig came not! Finally, I was taken sick, and as I was entirely alone in the light house, the lamps were not lit for several nights. I was dismissed; this was just, for great misfortunes might have been the consequence of my neglect.

Therese. Dismissed! because you were sick?

Laurence. Good Lord! miss, a man, when he fills an office, and has duties to perform, must not become sick; his employers do not willingly pay him for being sick. I obtained a situation immediately after, however, at the telegraph office, but a strange accident happened me there. I was required to make the signals that six American vessels were in sight. Ah, heaven! the American flag had so turned my head, for I thought, immediately, of my Hedwig—that I reported the words: “*I will follow you as soon as I can!*” My superior thought I was out of my wits, and, indeed, he was quite right. They dismissed me, as I certainly deserved to be, and I have remained without an appointment to the present day.

Therese. Poor man!

Laurence. Poor, I certainly was; for I had not learned to do any thing but to write. There was a great crowd of clerks, and so I was compelled to hunger. I did not starve, however, as you see, for God opened for me a spring in the desert. A tailor requested me to write him a poem for a marriage festival. He thought that he who could write must know how to make verses, also. I had never written verses in my life, but hunger inspired me. “I can at least try,” thought I; and, would you believe it! I succeeded. Since then I have made a rich subsistence, for the tailor recommended me and many a poem brought me a whole florin. And you must not suppose that I have always been so badly clothed; oh, no! at present there is a special reason for my wretched appearance.

Therese. But have you never had any tidings of your Hedwig?

Laurence. Would to God I had not! I spent my days at the wharf, on the watch for newcomers from South America. The moment any one set his foot on land, trembling with hope and anxiety, I was questioning him. Once, a natural philosopher returned from Surinam. He had known Mr. Brutendorf and his daughter, (*Laurence folds his hands in his lap, bends down his head upon his breast, and speaks in broken accents,*) who—was dead—he said.

Therese. Do you know nothing else of her?

Laurence. Nothing else!

Therese. You are deeply moved—take time to recover yourself.

Laurence. Your pardon, miss, it will soon pass away. Ah! since then many a year has passed away, and I yet live!

Therese. When can you write me the poem on Hope?

Laurence. (*Immediately recovering himself.*) Yes, Hope! I will write it to-day—but my dear miss, I do not think I can make much of it; hope and I, alas! are strangers!

(Enter *Julius*.)

Julius. May I come in?

Laurence. (*going toward him.*) Your obedient servant.

Julius. I seek the poet, Kindling.

Laurence. I am he. Take a seat. (*Hands him his chair.*)

(*Therese springs up and offers her own to Laurence.*)

Laurence. Do not stir; I can soon provide a seat for myself. (*He draws out the empty hamper, turns it upside down, and sits on the bottom.*) Now, sir, in what can I serve you?

Julius. I have come to order a wedding-poem.

Laurence. I can supply you, at once, for I have a number, on hand, of various descriptions.

Julius. Your pardon, sir—but with regard to my marriage, there are a number of peculiar circumstances which I wish introduced into the poem.

Laurence. Very well, very well; I will bring them all in according to order.

Julius. Do so, and I will prove my thankfulness.

Laurence. (*aside to Therese.*) Then, perhaps, I shall be able to acquit myself of my indebtedness to you.

Julius. My betrothed is the grand-daughter of a rich planter of Surinam.

Laurence. (*letting both arms sink down, and staring upon Julius.*) What?

Julius. Of Surinam.

Laurence. Ah my God!

Julius. Her mother, when a young girl, was about to be forced to marry a man whom she abhorred; and, in order to escape this misfortune, married, suddenly and secretly, an honest but poor youth, who was in her father's employment.

Laurence. Sir!

Julius. This happy union, however, endured but for a few weeks; the cruel father separated them.

Laurence. Separated!

Julius. But she succeeded, by the sacrifice of her jewels, in rescuing her husband from prison,

and securing him a safe escape to Europe, whither it was her intention to follow him as soon as she could.

Laurence. "I will follow you as soon as I can."

Julius. So did she write to him, and only waited for her confinement to carry out her intention.

Laurence. Her confinement!

Julius. But she gave birth to a daughter and died.

Laurence. (*rising up in violent agitation.*) She died—she gave birth to a daughter?—and this daughter, sir, she lives?

Julius. She lives, and is my betrothed.

Laurence. Where is she, where!

Julius. A beautiful, excellent maiden! the sole heiress of the rich Brutendorf—I am so happy as to be loved by her; but she has constantly refused to bless my hopes until she should have discovered her father, and received his blessing—for that purpose we embarked together.

Laurence. She is here?

Therese. At your feet! (*she casts herself down before him.*)

Laurence. Oh my God! this is too much—thou my daughter! (*sobbing convulsively,*) ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—thou my child! I have a child!—ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! (*he sinks, fainting, in her arms.*)

Therese. Julius, your were too rash; my father is dying.

Julius. It would be a sweet death. But do not be uneasy, joy has overcome him; he will soon recover.

Therese. (*Pointing to the table.*) Give me wine. (*Julius holds the glass: Therese gives some wine to her father.*)

Laurence. (*Coming to himself.*) What has happened to me?—is it true? have I not been dreaming?

Therese. I am your daughter; I have now only since the death of my grandfather, been permitted to search you out.

Laurence. (*childishly.*) You are my daughter—my beautiful, my lovely daughter! Oh! I have not eyes enough to look upon you. How are you called? I do not even know your name.

Therese. Therese.

Laurence. Therese! my Therese! I have become a rich man—ah! how have I suddenly become rich?

Julius. (*beseechingly.*) And my wedding-poem?

Laurence. (*clasping his daughter closely and anxiously to his breast.*) No! no! I will not permit you to leave me—I have been so many

years alone—I have been dead—to-day I am newly born! shall I die again, to-day?

Therese. We will never separate; we will make but one family.

Laurence. Family! will poor Laurence Kindling have a family!—children, have patience with me—my body is weak; I may say to you, indeed, that I have often lacked food; I have grown weak.

Therese. My good father!

Laurence. Father! am I a father? Hear all

of you?—is nobody here?—throw open the window! I am a father!

Julius. Our father!

Laurence (embracing them both.) Your father!

Therese. Hope! hope! thou wilt not deceive those who trust in thee!

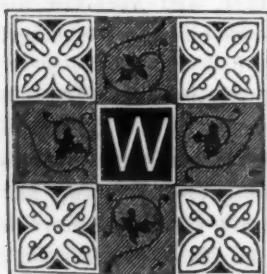
Laurence. Have I deserved this? (he looks humbly upward.) Oh! no! no! I have not deserved it.

(The curtain falls.)

For Arthur's Magazine.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY B. ST. JAMES FORTY.



WITH bitter tears, we parted, love,
And many hopes to meet again;
But he that ever reigns above
Hath ta'en thee from this world of pain.
Thy last fond smile—thy burning kiss,
Death hath not robb'd me, yet, of this;
For toiling through the world so drear
I pause, and think, that thou art near.

The shaded elm-tree walk I tread,
Where we have sat alone so oft;
Where on thy breast, my aching head,
Hath found a pillow, sweet and soft.
The fountain by the willow tree
Still gushes, musical and free;

And in its rippling song I hear
Thy voice, and feel that thou art near.

When night has closed around my head,
And busy memory wanders free;
A form is hovering near my bed,
That bears a likeness, love, to thee.
Sweet, rosy lips are near my cheek,
Remember'd sounds they fondly speak;
Sweet words familiar to my ear,
And then I know that thou art near.

Still be thou ever near, my love,
And guide my erring steps aright;
Still leave thy blissful home above,
To cheer me in the gloomy night.
When life grows dark, and hope's bright ray
Hath well nigh failed to light my way;
'Twill ease my many sorrows here
To know, sweet dove! that thou art near.

For Arthur's Magazine.

"PEACE BE UNTO THEE."



PEACE be unto thee, when the morning flingeth
Her first fresh beauty over field and glen;
When the sweet lark her sunlit pleasure singeth,
Peace be unto thee then;
Not the light passing of
a summer feeling,
Like that in childhood's bosom, fleet as free;
But deeper gladness, God's dear love revealing,
Such peace—such peace for thee.
Peace be unto thee, when thy steps are straying
Among the hopes and fears of selfish men;

There, even there, God's high commands obeying,
Peace be unto thee then:
Look not for peace when eyes are filled with slumber,
Tired of the scarce hushed sounds of revelry,
Such sleep with earth-dreams all thy soul will cumber.
But God's own peace for thee.

Peace be unto thee—friendly voices call thee,
And warm hearts turn from thee the shafts of pain;
If—by God's will, their loss should e'er befall thee,
Peace be unto thee then:
Then may his own voice speak unto thee ever,
His own love ever nearer seem to be;
When earthly hopes with earthly loves must sever,
Christ give his peace to thee.

H. M.

For Arthur's Magazine.

REVERSES OF FORTUNE.

A SKETCH OF WESTERN LIFE.

BY H. D. C.

PART I.



T was a mild autumnal evening in 1813. The sun had but just gone down, and his lingering beams, like dallying lovers, still kissed the blushing foliage of a forest, in what was then called the "Far West."

Jack Frost, that inimitable painter, had already decked each tree and shrub with a thousand hues, from the rich, deep, golden tint, to the modest Quaker drab. All nature, indeed, seemed to have put on the "coat of many colors," as if determined to have at least one grand display, before old winter should throw over its face the white veil of unwilling seclusion.

The venerable forest of a thousand years, seemed to forget its age, as its tree tops smiled in the departing light of the sun, while the nesting birds from its embowered recesses caroled forth their simple vespers. The blue smoke, too, curling from the rude chimney of a solitary log cabin, which stood in the centre of a small "clearing," in the midst of the wood, seemed to rise joyfully into the clear atmosphere, as if it were the evening sacrifice of the tenement's humble inmates.

These were, a hardy New England Pioneer, his wife, two sons, and an infant daughter. The sons, William and James, were old enough to assist their father at "clearing, breaking, and cropping." The members of this humble family were amongst the first settlers in that part of the West, and of course endured many hardships, while they were deprived of the luxuries of an Eastern residence; yet they were cheerful and contented; and had it not been for the difficulty of

paying for the lands they had purchased, their happiness would have been complete.

The difficulties which frowned upon them from the future and the spirit with which they met them, will appear from what follows.

Upon the evening in question, they were partaking of their frugal supper, when a knock from without, interrupted their meal, and conversation. Lee, the head of the family, answering the summons at the door, was saluted by a well-dressed stranger, on horseback, who requested "accommodation" for himself and his tired animal until morning. He was immediately welcomed by the sturdy pioneer, and giving his horse in charge of one of the boys, soon found himself comfortably seated by the fireside of his host. A plain but substantial supper was quickly prepared, after partaking of which, the stranger, won by the unaffected cordiality of his entertainer, forgot all reserve, and in the course of the conversation which ensued, communicated to him his name and history.

The guest, Henry Florence, was a native and a merchant of one of our Eastern cities. He was wealthy, and fond of adventure, and having vested a few hundreds in western lands, he resolved to gratify his desire of seeing the vast forests, the rolling prairies, and the noble lakes and rivers of the great West. Upon a visit of adventure as well as profit, therefore, he had accidentally become the guest of the settler.

"You must endure many privations, in this wild, unsettled country," said Florence, in the course of the evening's conversation.

"Yes; but the "East" aint the place for poor men; now me and mine are as good as any body, and I like to be, where I can live like other folks. The West's a growin' country, and I've a notion

I can grow with it, and when I die, leave something handsome for my children."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three years last March."

"How have you prospered during that time?"

"Oh! *first rate*, so far; but the drought has almost ruined the crops this year, and I'm hard pressed to raise the money to make my last payment on my land. The 'shiners' are mighty scarce in these parts, and I'm afeared sometimes, I'll have to give up the land, and all I've earned these last two years, and paid towards it.—But never mind, we *must* have troubles or else we would n't know what we *could* do, if we tried."

These last words were spoken with a tone of resolution, though his voice trembled slightly, as he bent down to kiss the little Ellen in his lap. The child looked up into his face, smiled sweetly in response to his caress, and then nestled closer upon his bosom.

"Do you not get discouraged at times?" asked Florence.

"Well I *do* once in a while, feel something like it; but then, *it'll all come out right*,—that's my motto. We have got to be a little earlier and later at the business. Boys!" he continued, turning towards his sons, "We've all got to work harder! I tell you, if we do 'nt, we'll get no fodder!"

"I reckon we can do our share!" resolutely replied the youngest; his words met a response in the determined look of his elder brother, and in the approving smile of his father.

Henry Florence remained several days with the settler, whose unremitting exertions to make him comfortable were both effectual and appreciated.

Upon leaving, he urged his worthy host to accept some compensation, for the trouble and expense of his protracted stay, but received, in answer to all his entreaties, the blunt reply,

"Money aint the price of Isaac Lee's hospitality!"

A few days after the departure of the stranger, the wife and children of the settler stood at the door of their humble cabin, awaiting his return from the country town, whither he had gone, half-despairing, to arrange for the payment of the land which had cost him so many months of toil. The countenances of the group were sorrowful, save that of the little Ellen, who, like the rose, blushing beneath the April cloud, innocently smiled, unconscious of impending misfortune. Twilight gathered slowly, and, as if imbued with the spirit of the quiet hour, they were silent and sad, while they watched for the return of Lee.

They did not wait long. He soon emerged from the woods upon the opposite side of the

"clearing," and as he saw them, he swiftly urged his horse towards them, shouting at the top of his voice,

"Hurrah, wife! Jimmy! Bill! Pet! all of you, hurrah. The land's all paid for! Mr. Florence did it! He got the receipts made out before he left, two days ago, and gave them to 'Squire Benson at the Land-Office, to keep, till I came to town! He's gone back to the East, but never mind, I'll have a chance to pay him, some day!"

"God bless him!" ejaculated the wife, while tears ran down her cheek.

"God bless him!" shouted the boys as they threw their ragged hats into the air.

PART II.

SEVENTEEN years have elapsed, and time has brought changes. The forest has gradually fallen before the axes of the settlers; the little-cattle path, winding through the woods from house to house, has been superseded, by the well raised turnpike and county road; the little "clearing" has expanded into the well-improved farm; and the flourishing village marks the spot, where, but a few years ago stood the humble "Public" of some settler, more ambitious than his neighbors.

How cheerfully the smoke curls up from the midst of yon beautiful grove of forest trees, surrounding that fine, comfortable farm-house! Look, too, at that bursting barn, just back of it, with the glistening ice-icles, hanging from its projecting eaves;—for it is winter;—and at the sleek, well-fed cattle, standing upon the warm, south side, leisurely "chewing their quid," undisturbed by the cackling of the poultry, and the uproar of the greedy swine, contending over their evening potations of sour milk and corn. But let us look around. How straight the fences are! and how thrifty appears yon large orchard, although winter has hung ice-icles, where summer would have had leaves and fruit! How beautifully the star-light shines upon the frozen surface of that little stream, as it first emerges from the upland wood, and then stretches its bright course across the snow-covered meadow!—But come! 't is Christmas time, and we will find good cheer at the farm-house. I will introduce you to its inmates.

Ah! a gathering! We have happened in at the right time! These twenty or thirty young people, are guests;—this is a merry-making, and truly they seem determined upon *making merr*y!—Now supper is ready, and they are leaving

the sitting-room for the spacious kitchen where a tempting display of chickens, turkeys, and meats of every kind await them, while portly pies, cakes, "dough-nuts," sauce, honey, and home-made preserves fill up the intervening spaces. And now, while they are enjoying themselves around the long table, let us take a more deliberate look at them.

That hale old man, with the few gray hairs, at the head of the table, is our old acquaintance, Lee;—Squire Lee now,—so pay him proper respect. That neat, tidy lady, pouring out the coffee, and doing the honors, is his worthy wife, and that beautiful girl, with the black eyes, and the long, dark tresses freely hanging down, upon her round, white shoulder, while she passes the cups, is her only daughter, the lovely Ellen, who when we last knew her, was only a prattling infant. Those two handsome, manly fellows, are her brothers, William, the eldest, and James,—the little Jimmy of seventeen years ago.

But while we are looking, they have finished their repast and are returning to the sitting-room.

"Now for the good old game of blind-man's buff,"—they are unanimous and are soon involved in the "chapter of accidents,"—such as making the "blind-man" fall over a chair, by way of prelude, then laughter as a chorus; or, perhaps, some blooming lass, having taken refuge in a corner, finds herself caught in the out-stretched arms of the stumbling fellow, in attempting to escape. All is borne in good part, though the complimentary swains *do* venture to object to having her bright eyes concealed beneath the bandage.

At length, lame Jerry, the village fiddler is ushered into the room, and as he hobbles towards his elevated seat by the fire place, he good humoredly gives the order to "form cotillion;" regardless, all the time of the confusion into which his command has thrown some of the more bashful young men; as in obedience they sidle up, with half averted face, thumbing their coats at the expense of their button-holes, each to his appropriate "flame," asking her to become his "pardner," the next dance.

Jerry looks down from his seat with a placid smile, as the couples arrange themselves; then, with a mysterious flourish of the bow, and a few premonitory scrapes, by way of incantation, he launches forth upon the undulating waves of a regular dancing melody. All is mirth and gaiety, as the dance proceeds; and some of the rustic beaux, forgetting, as they become excited, their former bashfulness, venture occasionally to give an "extra flourish," or a more complicated "wing."

Thus passed the evening. The guests had

done full justice to themselves and to their entertainers, and now it was time to depart for their several homes. This ceremony was at length accomplished, after some difficulty in finding the bonnets, shawls and cloaks of the girls, and after considerable trepidation on the part of the bashful beaux. It was at length over, and the farm house was again quiet. The company however had scarcely left, and the retreating sounds of laughter chiming in with the merry sleigh bells had but just died away, when the family of Newton were disturbed by cries from without, proceeding from James, who had just returned, after gallanting home, the mistress of his heart, who lived at a small distance from the farm-house. Running to ascertain the cause, they found him, leaning against one of the pillars of the rustic *stoop*, supporting the body of a young man from whose stiff and frozen limbs the life seemed to have departed. After a few hurried inquiries, to which James could only reply that on his return he had found the senseless form of the stranger laying across the snow-path at the foot of the steps, they carried him into the house, where, by applying the usual restoratives, they at length succeeded in bringing the stranger to a momentary consciousness. Being too much exhausted, however, to say more than to merely thank the kind people who had rescued him from death, he was removed to a warm comfortable bed, where he seemed to repose.

During the whole night Isaac Lee and wife watched by his bedside, for his sleep was restless and a violent fever heated his brow. Thus they sat, when the gray light of breaking dawn, stealing through the half opened window curtains, diffused a sombre hue over the objects in the room, while the sickly flame of the dying candle fitfully flared in its socket. The countenance of the sleeper seemed still more wan and pale in the oblique rays, while his quick, nervous breathing, broke fearfully upon the stillness, and his eye gleamed with unnatural brightness through the half-opened lids; yet he moved not.

Lee gently laid back the long dark hair from the heated temples of the sick man, and after applying a cooling lotion to his throbbing brow, gazed intently into his face, as if striving to account for the strange resemblance, which he fancied he there saw, to some long absent friend. As he gazed upon that pale face, memory seemed to awake from the slumbers of years to the consciousness of the past. The stranger seemed to form a link in the chain which bound him to other days, yet Newton could not solve the mystery. As he stood thus, the invalid suddenly assumed a sitting posture, throwing his arms into the air, and wildly gazing on vacancy

The next moment he was calm; but again, as if seeking to embrace some phantom of his phren-sied imagination, he stretched forth his arms beseechingly, and shrieked—

“ Oh ! hope, hope !—money and friends—money and friends—money and friends and *hope* !—Despair and death ! ha ! ha ! well you fight, which shall have me ! but death shall conquer !”

He fell back exhausted, but soon another paroxysm aroused him from his temporary quiet.

“ ‘Tis bitter, bitter cold ! well, ha ! ha ! ha ! this clean, white snow-bank makes a fine death-bed !—and then, that’s good, I have this world’s charity for a bed-fellow, for I feel its icy embrace.”

He paused a moment, gasping for breath ; then, less wildly, and in a more melancholy tone he continued ;

“ Houseless, moneyless, friendless ;—has Edward Florence come to this ?—Has—

“ Gracious Providence !” exclaimed the astonished couple, as the strange likeness was explained ; “ can this be true ?—the son of our benefactor thus deserted ?”

“ My father ! mother ! but I forgot you are dead, so you can’t help me ! no, no,—I’ll die here by the road-side.”

Again he fell back exhausted and speechless. The two sadly gazed upon the son of him who had been their best friend.

“ Thank God he has been directed to our roof !” at length fervently ejaculated the wife. “ He has found a refuge prepared by the benevolence of his departed father, and friends whose love shall be constant as their gratitude !

“ May heaven restore him !” said the husband. “ Amen !” sobbed the wife.

The angel of love bore that heartfelt prayer to heaven, and breathed it in the ear of mercy. A calm slumber descended upon the sick-man, and his respiration became more regular. For hours he lay thus, and when he awoke, his fever had left him. Intelligence sat once more upon his countenance, and mild gratitude beamed from his eye. The danger was past, yet his excessive

debility indicated that weeks would elapse, before his strength would entirely return.

The kind family did all to assuage his sufferings, that affectionate solicitude could do. Constantly, day and night, some one watched by his bedside ; and when during his convalescence, the hours seemed to hang wearily upon him, the gentle Ellen, with a smile, would win him from his melancholy, or read from some book to beguile the tedium of the “ leaden-footed” moments. What wonder then, if love reared an altar in each of their hearts, whereon burned the pure flame, kindled by gratitude in the one, and by compassion in the other ?

Edward Florence indeed felt a growing affection for her, who to him appeared more than an angel ; for in his loneliness and desolation sympathy and love were doubly valuable. But a year before, death had robbed him of his parents. Reverses in business prior to this, had made his father almost a bankrupt ; and the young man, bereaved by the loss of all he loved, and chilled by the prospect before him, had sought in the West, the few acres of land, left him, which offered the only hope of support. He soon exhausted his little stock of money ; sickness came upon him ; and on the verge of despair and death, he was rescued by the son of him, whom his father, in better days, had saved from ruin.

Here we would drop the curtain, but we cannot forbear a single glance more.

Florence is alone no longer. He has almost forgotten the gloom of the past in the joyfulness of the present. A year has elapsed, and it finds him in the possession of a flourishing farm. The woods are cleared away ; the fences surround fields of waving grain ; a cottage, neatly built, smiles from the midst of the little grove, just back from the high road—and—shall we look in ? The village clergyman, as he joins the hands of Ellen Lee and Edward Florence, invokes the choicest blessings of heaven upon them, and repeats the fervently spoken words of the old farmer,—“ Remember that a good action never goes unrewarded.”

FOR Arthur's Magazine.

TO —.

I LOVE thee, and I cannot tear
This trusting heart from thine ;
No earthly power can ever quench,
Devotion fond as mine.

It burns a pure and steady flame,
Nor wavers in the gale ;

A sunbeam o'er life's chequer'd path,
Where earthly prospects fail.

With hope and joy my bosom thrills,
Beneath thy love-lit eye ;
I have been thine since first we met,
And shall be till I die..

R. D. R.

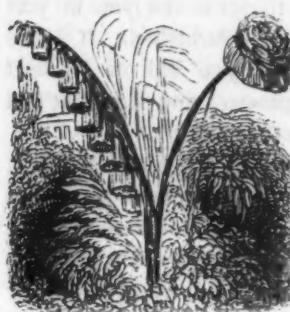
For Arthur's Magazine.

Extract from a New Work, now in Press by E. Ferrett and Co. entitled

THE WIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[We offer our readers a chapter from "The Wife," which is the second book in the series of three, to be called "The Maiden," "The Wife," and "The Mother." The third volume of the series, "The Mother," will be passed through the press as soon after "The Wife" appears, as possible.



"OU are going to housekeeping, I hear," said Mrs. Riston, a young friend, about a week after the conversation mentioned in the preceding chapter had taken place. She had called in to see Anna, whose acquaintance she had recently made.

"Yes," was the smiling reply.

"You'll be sorry for it."

"Why so?"

"Oh, it will bring you into a world of trouble. My husband has been teasing me to death about going to housekeeping, ever since we have been married. But I won't hear to it."

"That is strange. I thought every married woman would like to be in her own house."

"O dear! No. I know dozens who would throw houses and all into the Schuylkill if they could. It makes a slave of a woman, Mrs. Hartley. She is tied down to a certain routine of duties of the most irksome nature; and, this, day in and day out the year round. And what is worse, instead of her duties growing lighter, they are constantly increasing."

"But all these duties it is right for her to perform, is it not?"

"Not if she can get out of them; or delegate their performance to some one else, as I do. In a boarding house, you pay for having all this trouble taken off of your hands. And I think our husbands may just as well pay for it as not. I have no notion of being a slave. I did n't marry

to become a mere drudge, so to speak, to any one."

"It is a question in my mind, Mrs. Riston, whether it is right to delegate the duties we are competent to perform," was Anna's mild reply.

"All nonsense! Get out of doing every thing you can. At the best you will have your hands full."

"No doubt I shall find plenty to do: but my labor will be lightened by the consciousness that it is done in order to make others happy."

"Others happy! Oh, la! Who'll try to make you happy, I wonder?"

"My husband, I hope," said Anna, gravely.

"Humph! You will see. Husbands aint the most unselfish creatures in the world. I believe they are not proverbial for sacrificing much to the happiness of their wives."

Anna felt shocked at this. But her young friend did not notice the effect her words produced, and continued to run on.

"You had better take my advice, and tell your husband, as I have told mine over and over again, that you are not going to become a domestic slave for him or any body else."

Anna shook her head.

"Well! Just as you like. If you will go to housekeeping, so be it. It won't hurt me any. Have you picked out your house yet?"

"We hav'n't exactly decided. Mr. Hartley thought, at first, of taking a very beautiful house in Walnut street, at a rent of seven hundred dollars a year."

"But very soon thought better of it, I have no doubt."

"If I had not objected, he would have taken it."

"Ah! You objected. Why so?"

"I thought it would involve more expense and style than two young folks like us ought to indulge in."

"Upon my word! But you are a novice in the world! This is the first instance that has occurred among all my acquaintances of such a thing as a wife's objecting to style and expense. Precious few of us get the chance, I can tell you. And you'll soon wish, or I am mistaken, that you had taken your good man at his word."

Anna felt a glow of indignation at this reflection upon her husband. But she forced herself to appear unmoved, merely replying,

"No: I shall never wish that. I shall never have any want, in his power to supply, that will not be readily met."

"So you may think now. But take my advice, and do n't put any prudential and penurious notions into your husband's head. If he wants to carpet your floors with gold, let him do it. He'll never hurt himself by spending money on you or his household. Men rarely, if ever do, let me tell you. As they grow older, they get to be closer and closer with their money, until at last you can get scarcely any thing at all. The best time is at first. The first few years of marriage is the only golden harvest time a woman ever sees."

"You have not been married long enough to speak all that from experience."

"I have seen a good deal more of life than you have, child, and have had my own experience. As far as it goes, it can witness fully to what I have said. And yet, my husband is as good as the rest; and much better than the mass. I love him about as well, I suppose, as most women love their husbands; though I do n't pretend to be blind to his faults. But, what kind of a house do you prefer, seeing that the elegant one in Walnut street is rather costly and stylish?"

"There is a house vacant close by. Perhaps you noticed the bill as you came up Eighth street."

"Just around the corner?"

"Yes. The rent is three hundred dollars."

"Mrs. Hartley!"

"It is a very good house, and quite genteel, with a great deal more room than we want."

"But, my dear good madam! it is nothing but an ordinary house, built to rent. There is nothing elegant about it. Don't refuse to take the one in Walnut street for so common an affair as this, if you can get it. Always go in for the best."

"I have been through it, and find it replete with every convenience for a moderate sized

family. I have no wish to make a display. That could render me no happier. I go to housekeeping, because I think it right to take my true place as the mistress of a family; and for no other reason. Here I could be happy, without a care. But I would be out of my true sphere."

"You are certainly the strangest creature I ever met," replied Mrs. Riston. "But a few years will take all this nonsense out of you."

The displeasure felt by Anna at Mrs. Riston's insinuations against her husband, began to give way, as she saw more clearly the lady's character, and began to understand that, although there was a good deal of earnest in what was said, there was a good deal more of talk for talk sake. She, therefore, merely replied in a laughing voice to Mrs. Riston's last remark, and sought to change the subject. Before they parted, the friend could not help saying—

"But, my dear Mrs. Hartley, I cannot get over your refusing that elegant house in Walnut street. I should like above all things to see you in just such a dwelling, elegantly furnished. If I had refused the splendid offer you did in Herbert Gardiner, I would compass sea and land but I'd show him that I had lost nothing."

This very indelicate and ill-timed remark, caused the blood to rush to the brow of Anna, and her eyes to flash with honest indignation. Her volatile friend saw, that she had gone a little too far, and attempted to make all right again by "begging a thousand pardons." Anna's external composure soon returned, but she sought to change, entirely, the subject of conversation.—But, in spite of all she could do, the lady would, ever and anon, have something disparaging to say about husbands, and gently insinuate, that Anna herself, before she was many years older, would find that all was not gold that glittered.

The warmth of Anna's feeling, gradually, in spite of herself, passed off, as she continued to converse with Mrs. Riston; until she became restrained in her manner. This affected her visitor, who perceived, with a woman's intuition, that her remarks had not met with the approval they too often did from her lady friends. She tried, before she went away, to soften some things she had said, and laugh at others as having been uttered in jest.

After Mrs. Riston's departure, Anna sat in a thoughtful mood for some time. The remarks she had just listened to, shocked her feelings more and more, the more she reflected on them.

"Can there be any happiness," she mused, "in marriage thus viewed?—in the marriage relation thus perverted? I can conceive of none. To me, such a union would be of all things, a condition most miserable. No unity of sentiment or end—no confidence—no self-sacrifice for each other's

good; but restrictions on the one hand, and encroachments on the other. Ah me! It makes me shudder to think of woman in circumstances so deplorable. To me death would be a thousand times preferable."

While thus sitting, another visitor called. It was Florence Armitage, whom the readers of the "MAIDEN" will remember. Since the severe lesson her heart had received, Florence was a good deal changed. Her thoughtlessness, which had come near involving her in a whole lifetime of wretchedness; and her escape, effected by an incident at once strange and thrilling in its character, made her feel humble and thankful. She visited Anna frequently, and profited much more than formerly by her truthful precepts and life so purely accordant with all right principles.

On this occasion, Anna saw, after a few moments, that her friend was slightly agitated.

" You seem disturbed, Florence. What is the matter?" she said.

The color deepened on the maiden's face.

" Two things have disturbed me," she replied. " Who do you think I met in the street, just now?"

" I cannot tell."

" William Archer."

" You did!"

" Yes. And he paused, as we approached, each other, evidently with the design of speaking."

" But you did not recognize him?"

" No."

" In that, I need scarcely say, you were right. Your own heart will tell you that."

" And yet, Anna, I confess to you, that I was tempted to do so."

" Florence!" Anna's voice and countenance expressed strongly the surprise she felt.

" Do not condemn me until you hear all—until you know the other cause of disturbance. I received a letter from him yesterday."

" Which you immediately returned, unanswered?"

" No. I did not feel sure that I ought to do so, until I had seen and conversed with you about it."

" What does he say?"

" Here is his letter; read it."

Anna shrunk from touching the epistle, which Florence held towards her.

" Read it aloud, if you particularly wish me to hear it," she merely said.

Florence did, as requested. The letter contained a most solemn denial of charges brought against the writer by a certain individual, who was, he said, evidently, not in her right mind, and whose statements should at least be taken with great caution. He knew that rumor had

been busy with his name, and had magnified his faults into crimes, "and how easy it is," he urged, "to blast any man's character, by false charges, if he is not permitted to refute them." With much more of the same tenor. Altogether, the letter was written with tact, force, and an air of great plausibility, and well calculated to create a doubt as to the correctness of the judgment which the general voice had passed upon him. He did not, he said, propose to renew his suit for the hand of Florence; for that he was well assured, would be useless. But, it was a duty he owed to himself and society to at least make an attempt to vindicate his character, and in the highest quarter.

After Florence had read the letter, she looked enquiringly into the face of Mrs. Hartley. Anna returned her steady look, but made no remark.

" There is, at least, an appearance of truth about this letter," Florence at length said.

Mrs. Hartley compressed her lips and shook her head, but did not speak.

" I am afraid, Anna, you sometimes suffer your prejudices to obscure the otherwise clear perceptions of your mind."

" I trust that I have few prejudices, Florence. Still, I am but a weak and erring mortal, and may fall into wrong judgment of others."

" We are all liable to err, Anna."

" True. But if a woman's heart is in its right place—that is, has a love for all that is innocent and virtuous, and a deep abhorrence of every thing opposite to these, she will not be very liable to form an erroneous judgment of any man who approaches her, no matter how many semblances of virtue he may put on. As for me I do not pretend to have very acute perceptions, but from William Archer, you well know, I always shrank with instinctive dislike."

" That alone, no doubt, from the estimate common report had caused you to form of his character."

" And are you prepared to doubt common report on this head?"

" Somewhat, I must confess. You have heard his solemn denial."

" And grace Leary's still more solemn affirmation."

" But she was, evidently, beside herself."

" Do you think so?" Mrs. Hartley said with emphasis. " Recall the whole scene that passed on the evening appointed for your marriage. Bring up Grace Leary before you, in imagination, as she then appeared, and as she then confronted Archer, and answer to your own heart whether she did not utter the truth. If she were deranged, that derangement brought no oblivion. She did not mistake her betrayer. Did a doubt cross

your mind, then, or the mind of any one present? No!"

Still, Florence seemed unconvinced.

"What do you propose to yourself, in accrediting this letter?" Anna asked.

"Nothing at all."

"Are you sure?"

"I think I am. Perhaps to say that I propose *nothing* is too unqualified an expression. I certainly propose at least to treat the young man civilly, if no more, provided I can feel satisfied that he has been wrongly accused."

"What will satisfy you? His mere denial?"

"No."

"You must see the proofs."

"Yes."

"Florence! I should think you had seen proofs enough. But, if not satisfied, a half hour's conversation with my mother will convince you, that the writer of the letter you hold in your hand is quite as base as you had been led to believe him."

No reply was made. Florence folded the letter, and returned it to her pocket, with a sigh, breathed forth unconsciously.

Mrs. Hartley was deeply pained at observing this change in the mind of her young friend. But, she said no more, trusting that the momentary weakness to which she was yielding would pass away, after conversing with her mother, who knew much more about Archer, than the daughter wished to utter, or we record.

After the conversation between Mrs. Hartley and Florence had taken a new direction, the subject of going to housekeeping was introduced. Like Mrs. Riston, Florence was in favor of the large house in Walnut street, and urged Anna very strongly to change her mind, and let her husband take it.

"He is able enough," she said.

"Are you right sure?"

"He ought to be. Is n't he in the firm of R—
S— & Co.?"

"As junior partner, I believe."

"He wished to take the house, you say?"

"At first he did."

"He ought to know, better than any one else, whether he could afford to do so or not."

"True. But he now thinks, with me, that it will be wiser for us to commence housekeeping in a style less imposing."

"I must say," returned Florence, "that Mr. Hartley would have found very few women to object as you have done to a large and elegant house. I am sure the temptation would have been too much for me."

"If you had clearly seen that it was neither wise nor prudent to do so?"

"That might have altered the case. But I think few but yourself would have stopped to consider about wisdom and prudence."

"To their sorrow in the end, perhaps. I, for one, would much rather take a humble position in society, and rise, if good fortune attend me, gradually; than, after taking a high position, be, in a few years, thrust down."

"If there be danger of that, your course was doubtless, best. But why should you apprehend any such a disaster?"

"I do not apprehend evil, I only act, as I think wisely. My husband is a young man, who has been in business only for a few years. There are now but two of us, and we do not need a very large house. For both of these reasons it is plain to my mind that we ought to take our place in society without ostentation, or lavish expenditure. It is barely possible, that my husband may not find all his business expectations realized. I do not know what his prospects are, for I am in no way conversant with them; I only know, that, he had no capital of his own, when he was taken into business. That he has told me. Now, if he should be very successful, it will be easy for us to go up higher, in a few years. If not, and we had come out in costly style, it would be a hard trial, and a mortifying one to come down."

"Your good sense is always guiding you aright," Florence could not help saying. "It is best, no doubt, that you should do as you have proposed; but, there is not one in a hundred who would have exercised your prudent forethought. I am sure I could not have done it."

A few days after this, Hartley and his wife decided to take the house in Eighth street. Then came the work of furnishing it. And here the prudent forethought of Anna was again seen. Her husband proposed to give up the whole business to a good cabinet maker, and an upholsterer, who should use their judgment and experience in such matters.

"As neither you nor I know much about these things, it will save us a world of trouble," he said.

Anna shook her head, and smiled at this remark.

A shadow instantly flitted over the brow of Hartley. It disappeared as quickly as it came, but Anna saw it. The smile vanished from her lips, and her eyes filled with tears. She felt, that, because she did not see in all things just as he did, that he was annoyed.

"Am I self-willed? Do I differ with my husband from caprice?" was the self examining question of the young wife.

Hartley read her thoughts, and said quickly, in a voice of affection.

" You ought to know more about all these matters than I do, Anna ; so you shall decide what is best to do."

" I wish to decide nothing, James. I only wish to see and decide with you in all things. You don't know how much it pains me to differ ; but ought I to yield passively to all you suggest, if my own judgment does not approve ? Ought we not to see eye to eye in all things?"

" We ought, certainly. But, I have been so long in the habit of consulting my own judgment about every thing, that I am, thus early in our married life, forgetting that, now, there are two of us to decide questions of mutual interest. I thank you for so gently bringing this to my mind, and for doing so in the very outset. Without thinking whether it would meet your views or not to become the mistress of a very elegant house, I decided to rent and fit up an establishment that I already see would have afforded us more trouble than comfort. Your wise objections prevented the occurrence of that evil. Again I have decided to fit up the house we have taken in a certain way, and so decided without consulting you about it. Here is my second error, and you have, like a true wife, in the gentlest possible way, given me to see that I was wrong. I thank you for these two lessons, that had much better be given now than at some future time."

Hartley bent down, and kissed the flushed cheek of his beautiful wife as he said this.

" And now, dear," he continued, " speak out, freely, all you have to say. As before, your judgment will, I doubt not, show that mine was altogether at fault."

" Do not talk so, James," returned Anna, her face covered with blushes. " I desire only to see with you in every thing."

" I know that, dear ; but I am not perfect. I am, like all others, liable to err. And, it is your duty when you clearly see me in error, to balance that error by declining to act passively with me. This I hope you will ever do."

Anna was humble minded, and it pained her to hear such remarks from her husband, for whose moral and intellectual character she had the highest regard, while of herself, she thought with meekness.

" Tell me, dear," Hartley said, after some time, " what is your objection to my plan of furnishing our house ?"

" Mainly, to the expense."

" Do you think it would cost more than if we attended to it ourselves ?"

" It would, probably, cost double, and not be arranged more perfectly, so far as comfort and

convenience is concerned, than we would do it ourselves."

" I do n't understand how that would be."

" Your cabinet maker and upholsterer would wish to know if you wanted every thing of the best ; and you would assent. The best would be, no doubt, in their estimation the costliest. I saw a house, once, furnished in that way—a house no larger than the one we have taken. How much do you think it cost ?"

" How much ?"

" Three thousand, eight hundred dollars."

" Indeed !"

" Yes. And I would agree to furnish a house with just as many comforts and conveniences on half the money."

Hartley's eyes were cast, thoughtfully, to the floor. It was some moments before any thing was said. The wife was first to speak. She did so in a timid, hesitating voice.

" Had we not better understand each other fully at once ?" she said.

" By all means. The quicker we do so the better. Is there any thing in which we do not fully understand each other ?"

" Before we take another step, ought not I, as your wife, to know exactly how you stand with the world in a business and pecuniary relation. I feel that this is a very delicate subject for a wife to introduce. But can I know how to be governed in my desires if I do not know to what extent they can be safely gratified ?"

" I trust there is no desire that you can entertain, dear Anna ! that I am not able and willing to gratify."

" That is altogether too vague," replied Mrs. Hartley, forcing a smile. " As your wife, I shall regulate the expenses of your household. I wish to do so wisely : and in order to this, it is necessary for me to have some idea of your probable income."

" It ought to be four or five thousand dollars a year. And will be, unless some unforeseen events transpire to affect our business."

Hartley seemed to say this with reluctance. And he did, really. The inquiry grated on his feelings. It seemed to him that Anna should have felt confidence enough in him to believe, that he would not propose any expenditure of money beyond what was prudent. He would hardly have thought in this way, if he had not, actually, proposed the very thing he tacitly condemned her for suspecting that he had done ! He was not, really, so well established in the world, as to be able to rent a house at seven hundred dollars, and furnish it in a costly style ; nor even to give a *carte blanche* to a cabinet maker and upholsterers, to fit up, according to

their ideas, the house he had decided to occupy.

The moment he allowed himself to think thus of his honest-minded wife, he felt an inward coldness towards her, which was perceived as quickly in her heart, as it was felt in his.

Conscious that Anna thus perceived his feelings, and, unable, at the same time, to rise above them and think with generous approval of her motives, he did not, for some time, make any effort to lift her up from the unhappy state into which she had instantly fallen. One unkind thought was the creator of another.

"What can she mean?" he allowed himself to ask. "Is it possible that she has imagined I was rich? and now, a doubt having crossed her mind, can she be trying to find out the exact state of my affairs? I never could have dreamed this!"

Both their eyes were cast upon the floor. They sat silent, with hearts heavily oppressed. He suffering accusation after accusation to flow into his mind, and linger there, and she deeply distressed, from a consciousness of having been misunderstood in a matter that she felt to be of great importance, and which she had endeavored to approach with the utmost delicacy.

Some minutes passed, when better feelings produced better thoughts in the mind of James Hartley. He saw that he had been ungenerous, even cruel in his suspicions. He imagined himself in her situation, and felt how deeply her heart must be wounded.

"She is right," he said, inwardly, lifting his head, with the intention of saying that which should at once relieve Anna's mind. The first thing that met his eye, was a tear falling upon her hand. His feelings reacted strongly. Drawing

an arm quickly about her neck, he pressed her head against his bosom, and bending over murmured in her ear:

"I am not worthy of so good a wife as you, dear Anna! What evil has possessed me, that I, who love you so truly, should be the one to make you unhappy? Surely I have been beside myself!"

Anna released herself quickly from the arm that had been thrown around her neck, and turned up to the eyes of her husband a tearful, serious, but not unhappy face.

"Oh, James! dear James!" she said in a low, earnest, eloquent voice, "why do you speak so? I am only weak and foolish. It is enough that we love truly. If we find it a little difficult, at first, to understand each other fully, it is no great wonder. Love, true love, will, in the end, harmonize all differences, and make plain to each the other's heart. Let us be patient and forbearing."

"What you are; but I have much to learn, and you shall be my tutor."

Hartley again kissed his bride. But she looked serious.

"Not so," she returned. "It is to your intelligence that I am to look for guidance. I am to learn of you, not you of me."

"Never mind," was smilingly replied, by Hartley, "we will reverse the order for a time, until my intelligence of domestic affairs is laid upon a truer basis than it seems now to be. But I think there will be no harm in our deferring all the matters now under consideration until to-morrow. Both of us will then be able to see more clearly, feel less acutely, and determine more wisely. Do you not think so?"

Anna gave a cheerful assent to this, and the subject of conversation was changed.

THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT.

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,
Which music hallowed while she wept
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given.
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are riven!
It softened men of iron mould,
It gave them virtues not their own;
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,
That felt not, fired not to the tone,
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his throne.

It told the triumphs of our king,
It wafted glory to our God;
It made our gladdened valleys ring,
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;
Its sound aspired to Heaven, and there abode!
Since then, though heard on earth no more,
Devotion and her daughter Love
Still bid the bursting spirit soar
To sounds that seem as from above,
In dreams that day's broad light cannot remove.

BYRON.

For Arthur's Magazine.

COURAGE.

BY E. FERRETT.



OURAGE, from time immemorial, has been considered an essential ingredient in man's composition. Alike in the savage, the barbarous, and the civilized states, the coward has been contemned. Let a man possess every other virtue on the catalogue, and want courage, he is shunned by the women, and despised by the men; and, strange as it may appear, although the standard whereby most of our qualifications are judged has been varied and modified from the days of barbarism to our present enlightened state, the standard of courage is still the same. We call men cowards without thinking of the applicability of the term.

Courage is properly divisible into three kinds, moral, intellectual, and physical. Many possess one of these without the others, or two wanting the third, yet while we are lauding ourselves for our high state of civilization, and perpetually giving utterance to adulatory comparisons between ourselves and our predecessors, we daily fall into the glaring absurdity of acting as though the physical alone was the standard whereby men's courage should be tested.

Moral courage, which we have put first on our list, we consider to be the highest order, and the most difficult to exercise. How many noble actions have been crushed in their infancy, how many bad deeds committed, for want of moral courage! Most men think right in the abstract, but few there be who have moral courage to follow a course which they know to be right, when that course is opposed to popular opinion. The condemnation or sneer of the world has scared the mind of many a one, for whom the roar of battle had no terrors, who would have braved all dangers, but who had not sufficient power in his conscious rectitude to enable him steadily to pursue a path against which that clamorous monster, the public, was set in opposition.

Moral courage consists in doing that which we feel or know to be right, not yielding our convictions to the sneers or persuasions of our friends,

or the frowns of the world, nor suffering our own interest to turn us one hair's breadth from the path of rectitude. The man who possesses this spirit in an eminent degree, is a truly great man, and whatever sphere of life he may move in, will elevate the tone of all those with whom he associates.

Intellectual courage, is that feeling which enables us to control any physical disinclination to danger, to encounter hardships and risks from which our frames naturally shrink, but which we patiently endure and surmount by the effort of an indomitable will. Intellectual courage, though of a higher order than the physical, is nevertheless more nearly allied to it, than to the moral, its triumphs are victories over the weakness of the flesh. Men who have been known on ordinary occasions to shrink from danger, have, when their intellects have been aroused, faced it with a quiet, calm, self possession, as superior to the mere reckless indifference of physical courage as mind is to matter. Intellectual courage makes men resent an insult without being ready to offer one—desirous to avoid a brawl, yet never to flinch from maintaining their own credit and character as men.

Physical courage, is generally a mere brute insensibility to danger, or a brutish propensity to snarl and quarrel, unaccompanied by cautiousness, the absence of which faculty produces a reckless and pugnacious disposition, which renders its possessor a perfect nuisance. Such characters have no law but brute force; the physical with them is supreme, and he whose head is the thickest, and whose frame is most impervious to hard knocks; who is the most careless about the rights of others, and the most ready to offer wanton insult to the weak and aged, is their greatest hero. Street and tavern brawls are their chief delights—an oyster cellar their pet arena—and men who will quarrel about straws their greatest benefactors.

It is rarely that these three orders of courage are happily blended in one individual. The moral is generally possessed by one who is deficient in intellectual and physical, or there is an absence of moral courage where there are proper propor-

tions of intellectual and physical. But the possession of moral courage makes the most useful character, the best citizen, the truest christian; it is ever accompanied by a clear perception of right, and should be sedulously cultivated—parents should inculcate it in their children—teachers in

their pupils—society in its members. Hand in hand with its increase will be the progress of civilization, and the downfall of war, rapine, and murder—it is the source from whence springs the beautiful doctrine of doing to others as we would be done unto.

FABLES AND PARABLES.

FROM LESSING AND KRUMMACHER.

THE RHINE.



UST in the beginning of time, when Nature had founded the mountains, and hollowed out the basin of the sea, she walked forth from her cloudy pavilion to the Gotthards, and spake, "It is right that goodness should unite itself to greatness, and that an extensive sphere of activity should be allotted to strength. Thou standest firm, but I will give thee a son, who shall carry afar the power and blessing which thou receivest from the heavens."

She spake, and the Rhine gushed out of the mountain.

Joyful and free, full of spirit and vigor, the young stream bubbled down from the mountain. Playfully he tumbled down into the lake; but the lake enchain'd him not. The waves parted asunder; unenfeebled, and in his own proper form, the stream came forth and advanced on his path. For he was a son of Nature and born of the mountain.

He was now a youth, and he chose his own path. Noble Nature errs not in her choice; she chooses greatness and worth. He cut for himself a way through rocks and mountains, which disciplined and tempered the impetuosity of his youthful vigor. Thus too vine-covered hills bordered the path of the youth.

Splendid was his career. A hundred streams and innumerable brooks mingled their lovely waters with his powerful flood. So the godlike attracts to itself the noble, and the high seeks to ally itself to the highest.

Manly and calm was now his step; more se-

dately he flowed along, but not more feebly. The rigor of winter would bind him in everlasting fetters; but he rent them in pieces, as one rends a thread. He had practised his strength in his youth, and torn rocks asunder.

His surface now resembled a polished mirror. Not the joyful vine-branch, the fruit of the mountain, but richly blessing cornfields encompassed him; his back carried ships and floats. Thus calm strength produces the useful along with the beautiful.

He now approached the limit of his career. Nature divided him into manifold streams, which are called by other names. Men give him the name of RHINE alone, when they speak of his greatness and his blessings.

Thus calm strength retains its dignity and honor.

THE DEFENCE.

When all-powerful Nature had formed the loveliest of flowers, the Spirit of the rose said to the Angel of flowers, "Wilt thou not also bestow on it a defence to secure its beauty from wanton injury and spoliation? Has not nature conferred long sharp prickles even on the thorn?"

"The thorn," replied the Angel, "belongs not to the exalted orders, but to the servants, in the empire of the creation. Its destination is to defend the delicate vegetables from irrational animals, and for this end, Nature has bestowed on it these sharp weapons. Thy wish shall be granted."

Thus spake he and surrounded the rose-bush with delicate prickles. Then said the Spirit of the rose "Of what use are these small thorns?—they will not protect the beautiful flower."

The Angel replied, "They are designed but to

defend it against the careless hand of childhood. That which is sacred and beautiful carries its protection in itself; and thus Nature has bestowed on it a defence so delicate as only to warn and not to wound; for delicacy alone should be associated with beauty."

So too is innocence armed only with modesty and blushes.

THE BROOK.

Observe the course of that brook, said a teacher to his scholars. It pursues its quiet path through valley and meadow, and reflects in the bright mirror of its waters the image of the blue sky above. It waters the trees and shrubs which grow upon its banks, and its cool vapor refreshes the flowers and plants around it.

Again it flows through a barren, sandy wild; there its blessings terminate. Still however it remains the same clear and refreshing stream, though there be no objects to receive its blessings.

And now a wild boar rushes into the stream, and splashes about in its lovely waters. These

supply the animal with drink, and cool his burning sides, and the mud which he has raised from the bottom settles again of itself.

Next a weary traveller bends over the bank of the rivulet; it quenches his thirst and cools his fevered brow, and he pursues his way refreshed and happy.

Where is the source and spring of this beneficent stream?

Look up yonder. Do you see that towering peak and yonder cavern encompassed with rocks? There, far in the bosom of the earth, is the hidden spring of the rivulet.

Whence then came its inexhaustible source?

Behold! the mountain top raises itself towards heaven, enveloped in dewy clouds.

Where is the end and final destination of the stream?

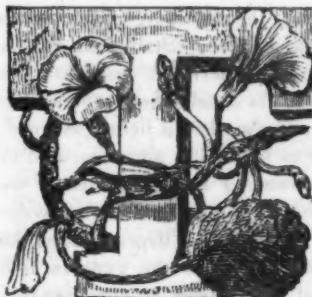
It advances with gradually increased strength until it is received into the arms of the mighty Ocean, and thence it returns to heaven whence it first descended.

Thus spake the teacher; and his disciples saw in his words the image of Divine Love.

For Arthur's Magazine.

S P I R I T - U N I O N .

BY AUG. J. H. DUGANNE.



ELL me, ye who long
have threaded
All the mazes of the
heart,
Are not death and life
still wedded—
Of the other, each a
part?

Once a gentle form
before me,
Cast a light around my soul;
Holy eyes were bending o'er me—
Music through my spirit stole.

As the star that falls through heaven,
Once upon me shone a love;
For a moment only given,
Then recalled to light above.

Once my soul was fondly plighted,
To a sainted one of earth;
Like two music notes united,
Notes that sever in their birth.

Yet not severed we, though parted,
Still in truth our souls are one;
Though on earth the gentle hearted
Hath her holy mission done.

With the chain that formed our union,
Still our parted souls are wed;
Even now, in sweet communion
I am drawn towards the dead.

In the spirit's tranquil vesper,
Where the prayer of love ascends;
Then a sweet responsive whisper,
With my voiceless musing blends.

And each gentle ray that falleth
From the blessed stars above;
To my heart in music calleth,
For its evening prayer of love.

Tell me then, ye spirit-seeing,
Is not death of life a part?
Is not love the chain of being,
Of the dead and living heart?

EDITOR'S TABLE.

REV. SIDNEY SMITH.



ROM England, by a late steamer, we have intelligence of the death of this distinguished writer; a brief notice, therefore, of his literary character and career, may neither be inappropriate, at this time, nor uninteresting to our readers, to whom his name is familiar. The writings of Sidney Smith are mainly critical, having appeared from time to time in the "Edinburg Review," since the year 1800. These have lately been collected and published both in England and in this country.

A laconic account of the commencement of his career is given by himself, in the Preface to his published works, which we insert.

"When I first went into the church," he says, "I had a curacy in the middle of Salisbury Plain. The Squire of the Parish took a fancy to me, and requested me to go with his son, to reside at the University of Weimer; before we could get there, Germany became the seat of war, and in stress of politics, we put into Edinburgh, where I remained five years. The principles of the French Revolution were then fully afloat, and it is impossible to conceive a more violent and agitated state of society. Among the first persons with whom I became acquainted, were Lord Jeffrey, Lord Murrey, (the late Lord Advocate for Scotland,) and Lord Brougham; all of them maintaining opinions upon political subjects a little too liberal for the dynasty of Dundas, then exercising a supreme power over the northern division of the Island.

"One day we happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh-Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed Editor, and remained in Edinburgh long enough to edit the first number of the Edinburgh Review. The motto I proposed, for the Review, was,

'*Tenui musam meditamus avena.*'

'We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal.'

But this was too near the truth to be admitted, so we took our present grave motto from *Publius Syrus*, of whom none of us had, I am sure, ever read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal."

Thus commenced the career of the talented Editor and his valuable review. When he left the work, it fell into the hands of Lord Brougham and Lord Jeffrey, although he remained a constant contributor to its pages.

To the influence exerted by some of these articles, have been attributed several important reformations in the laws and opinions which were at one time prevalent in the United Kingdom. The concession of full defence to prisoners by counsel, was in a great measure the effect of his praiseworthy exertions in calling the attention of the public mind to the injustice of the prevailing practice, by which a man might be condemned and hanged before he had been half heard. His feelings were always sincere, and his religious, if not his political doctrines, were always pure, tolerating, and liberal. Amongst his most celebrated writings, are his "Letters of Peter Plymby" in which, by ridiculing the alarms of the over-zealous, he materially assisted the Catholic emancipation, which soon after occurred.

But Sidney Smith is best known to most persons here as a bitter enemy to repudiation. The course pursued by some of our States, brought upon them a flood of his caustic satire. Yet many of his articles exhibit considerable interest in our welfare and success, as a nation.

In a paper written for the Edinburgh Review, in 1820,—reviewing a work, entitled, "Statistical Annals of the United States of America," published in Philadelphia—he says in his conclusion,*—"such is the land of Jonathan, and thus has it been governed. In his honest endeavor to better his situation, and in his manly purpose of resisting injury and insult we most cordially sympathize. We hope he will always continue to watch and suspect his government as he now does—remembering that it is the constant tendency of those entrusted with power, to conceive that they enjoy it by their own merits, and for their own use, and not by delegation, for the benefit of others. Thus far we are the friends and admirers of Jonathan. But he must not grow vain and ambitious, nor allow himself to be dazzled by that galaxy of epithets by which his orators and newspaper scribblers endeavor to persuade their supporters that they are the greatest, the most refined, the most enlightened, and the most moral people upon earth. The effect of this is unspeakably ludicrous on this side of the

* This passage we have in part quoted upon a former occasion.

Atlantic,—and, even on the other, we shall imagine, must be rather humiliating to the reasonable part of the population."

Sidney Smith had strong prejudices, which occasionally misled him; yet, however these may at times have influenced his better judgment, as was frequently the case in his article on America, we must acknowledge that he has thrown out many valuable hints, which it would do us no harm, as a nation, to remember. We should not permit our veneration for our own country, and its peculiar institutions, to blind us to their defects, nor should we reject the suggestions of wisdom, because they emanate from a foreigner. The maxims of truth are of an invariable nature and of universal application. As such, they belong to no age, and to no country. They are the gift of reason to all time, and to every people; we should not refuse the proffered boon, because it is held out to us from a distance. With a true discrimination, we should rather select that which is good, from that which is evil, regardless of the source whence it is obtained; for truth is none the less pure on account of the corruptions which surround it. Thus much for the correct and erroneous opinions of Sidney Smith. Of these he himself says,

"I see very little in my reviews, to alter or repent of: I always endeavored to fight against evil; and what I thought evil then, I think evil now."

This, and other avowals of his sincerity convinces us, that as a writer, whatever may have been the errors into which he was betrayed, he was always honest in the expression of his opinions. The ability with which he supported these opinions will show how zealously he adhered to them. As a literary man, he proved himself to be the possessor of learning and talent. He was not a mere *wit*; he was a *scholar*; his writings show him to have been possessed not only of the brilliancy of the former, but also of the profundity of the latter; and though his satire assumes occasionally the appearance of ill-nature, along side of this muddy current, runs a deeper and a stronger one, of clear discriminating judgment, and shrewd common sense.

Sidney Smith died between eleven and twelve o'clock, on the night of February 12th, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, after a long illness.

Pictorial History of the World. By JOHN FROST,
LL. D. Philadelphia. Benjamin Walker.

The second number of this splendid work has been issued. We noticed, last month, the style only in which the mechanical and artistical portion of it was executed, not having had time carefully to examine the merits of the history itself. Since then, however, we have attentively read the first two numbers, and with that satisfaction which arises from the contemplation of a difficult task, well accomplished. Were the work complete, we could better judge of its aggregate merit; as it is, we can only form an inferential conclusion as to what will follow, from that which precedes.

The author begins his history as far back as authentic records will permit. Commencing with the early ages of the world, where history and fable are almost inextricably woven together, he separates truth from fiction, reality from tradition, with an accuracy which

discovers the extent of his remarks, as well as the faithfulness with which he has executed his design. In completing this work, the author will trace the progress of events down from these half fabulous ages of antiquity to the present time. The task is a laborious one. It has frequently been attempted, but never adequately completed. A thousand difficulties surround the historian at every step of his progress. Contradictory accounts of the same events, discrepancies in names, dates and circumstances, the different chronological systems founded upon various and conflicting authorities, which confuse, embarrass, and lead astray—are to be reconciled, harmonized, or chosen from. This is only to be accomplished by persevering labor, assisted by extensive and profound erudition. But even all this constitutes but the least difficult part of the task; greater judgment is requisite, to dispose events in the background and foreground; so that by their prominence or insignificance, every shade, and every feature of time may be distinctly portrayed. The civil, political, social, religious and intellectual condition of each age should be examined,—the distinctive characteristic of every nation,—the causes, the nature, and the effects, both immediate and ultimate, of each event should be considered. History and Philosophy should go hand in hand; nay their existence should be blended together, and nothing should be considered, truly, history, which is not philosophy. The historian should not only collect; he should analyse, combine, and dispose; thus uniting in himself, the acquired learning of the scholar, with the natural energy and profundity of the philosopher. It is this necessity, which lead Macaulay to declare that, to be a really great historian was perhaps the rarest of intellectual distinctions.

That portion of Mr. Frost's work already published, contains a concise introductory account of the early ages of the world, down to the commencement of the existence of the Egyptians, as a nation possessed of a government and political institutions. From this point the author commences his history with Egypt, by giving, first, a geographical account of the country, its climate, soil, productions, &c. together with interesting descriptions of the principal cities, temples, and curiosities; secondly, the origin of the ancient population of Egypt, their national characteristics, their political institutions, their religious belief and customs, their moral, intellectual and social condition, with an account of the arts, and sciences, as cultivated by them. After thus comprehensively describing the character of Egypt and its inhabitants, as a country and a nation he proceeds to their history, commencing with the reign of Menes, the first king of the first dynasty, and continuing down to the invasion of Alexander the Great. Leaving the history of Egypt, at this point he proceeds to that of Ethiopia.

The authorities consulted have been so numerous, and of such a character as to leave no doubt of the authenticity of the facts cited. One important feature of the work, is, that it is written since the discoveries recently made by Champollion and Dr. Young, in the art of decyphering Egyptian hieroglyphics and monumental inscriptions, in which are recorded many important events which have hitherto either been wholly unknown to have happened, or have been involved in mystery and reported diffe-

rently. These questions are many of them set at rest, by the authorities recently discovered. Of these authorities Mr. Frost has availed himself, and his work will, from this circumstance possess increased value. All these circumstances combined,—the ability of the writer,—the care with which he has collected, and selected his materials,—the abundance and authenticity of these materials, and finally the learning, labor, and experience which are brought to bear upon them in arranging and disposing them, will make this work, when complete, one of the first which our country has produced.

The Last of the Saxons, or the Camp of Refuge : A Tale of the Times of William the Conqueror.
E. Ferrett & Co.—Of this fine novel, which is a reprint of one of the latest English Historical fictions, a cotemporary thus speaks :—

"The last of the Saxons, or the Camp of Refuge, is a capital novel, founded on the exploits of a Saxon baron, who was able to hold out against William the Conqueror for many years after the battle of Hastings, by fortifying a Camp of Refuge in the midst of the fens of Lincolnshire. The story is capitally told; and reminds us strongly of Irving's Conquest of Grenada, which it resembles by an assumption of the quaint simplicity of an honest and pious chronicler of the olden time."

MRS. HALL'S SKETCHES.—Numbers 16 and 17 of this splendidly illustrated book have been issued. Twenty-four numbers will complete the edition.

THE WIFE, by T. S. ARTHUR.—The second volume of the series, "The Maiden," "The Wife," and "The Mother," is in press, and will shortly appear.

MUSIC FROM BALFE'S OPERA OF THE BOHEMIAN GIRL.—Since the production of this Opera, in which are so many captivating airs, all the songs that it contains have become exceedingly popular, and deservedly so. There is a something about them all that finds an instant echo in every heart. Sweetness is their particular characteristic. The publishers of the LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY, E. Ferrett & Co. have issued an extra, containing nine songs and pieces from this Opera, at the extraordinary low price of twenty-five cents. The songs and pieces contained in this extra are, "I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls," "Then You'll Remember Me," "Song of the Gipsy's Bride," "The Fair Land of Poland," "The Heart Bowed Down," "T is Sad to Leave Our Fatherland," "The Arline Waltz," "The Bohemian Gallop," and "The Bohemian Quickstep." These songs being contained, as above stated, in an extra number of the Musical Library, that number can be sent by mail at regular periodical postage. It contains only two sheets.

"The Poor Poet," from Kotzebue, which will be found in this number, is an admirable paper. Read it.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

OUR PLATES.—We continue our series of splendid steel engravings. "Cassandra," and "The Field of Waterloo" in the present number, are beautiful plates, as all must acknowledge. We think that, by this time, every subscriber to our Magazine must have seen that the aim of the publishers is to produce, really, a work of true excellence.

MUSICAL LIBRARY.—The contents of the Musical Library for May are,

1. THE CELEBRATED BADEN-BADEN POLKA. Strauss.
 2. AT MORN UPON THE BEACH I STOOD. (A New song Composed by Benedict, Pianist to the Queen of Great Britain.)
 3. THE BOHEMIAN WALTZ, (or I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls.) Balfe.
 4. SEE AT YOUR FEET A SUPPLIANT KNEELING. From the Bohemian Girl. Balfe.
 5. THE POLKA WALTZ. By C. Jarvis.
 6. LA CARLOTTA GRISI, a favorite Polka. By Julien.
- We would call particular attention to this publication. It is edited by a competent professor and composer, and is, undoubtedly, one of the cheapest musical works in the country. All the above enumerated pieces of music, can be had for 12½ cents.

OUR EXCHANGES.—We would particularly request those editors with whom we exchange, only to send such numbers of their papers as contain notices of our work. Unlike our brethren of the newspaper press, we have to pay postage on all our exchanges.

FRANKENSTEIN'S WESTERN VIEWS.—Among the views of Western Scenery which will appear in our magazine, engraved on steel, from original paintings by Godfrey N. Frankenstein, Esq. of Cincinnati, Ohio, will be "A view on the Great Miami, near Dayton, Ohio," "A view on Bank Lick, Kentucky," four miles from Covington, and "A view among the Indiana Knobs," four or five miles from New Albany, Indiana, and six or seven miles from Louisville, Ky. Succeeding these will be views in the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati. The three pictures named have been completed by Mr. Frankenstein, and will be engraved as speedily as a regard to artistical beauty will permit.

CINCINNATI.—As before stated, Mr. C. W. Ramsdale is our sole agent in Cincinnati and the west. From him all western agents can get their supplies at least ten days earlier than in any other way, as he will publish in Cincinnati on the same day that we publish here. His place of business is at the book store of Mr. Peabody, Race and Fifth Streets.

A DISCOURSE ON INSTINCT, by Lord Brougham, will shortly be published by E. Ferrett & Co. It contains, in a series of conversations, some most interesting anecdotes, concerning animal instinct, its various degrees, and peculiar characteristics. This book will afford abundance of interest and amusement, the reasoning is powerful and lucid, the facts astonishing, and the inductions therefrom clear and unanswerable. The price will be only 25 cents.

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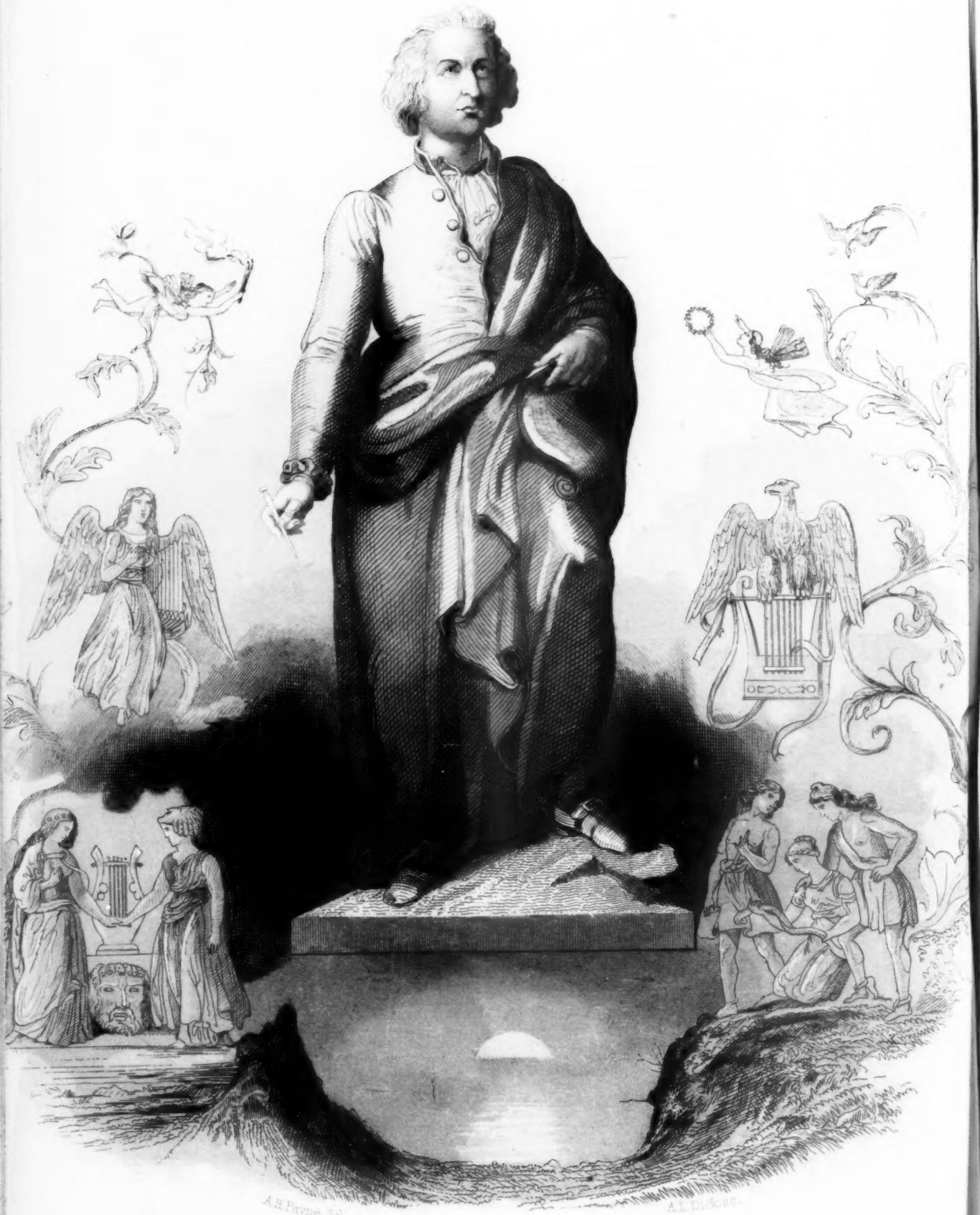
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MARY RYAN'S DAUGHTER.

E. Ferrett & Co. 68 South Fourth St Philadelphia.